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SPEAIGHT.

157, New Bond Street, W.

THE COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON AND HER SON.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

BIRD LIFE IN LONDON

IN the course of an introduction to his new book, "The Bird Life of London," Mr. Charles Dixon makes some comment upon the so-called Nature-books now freely used in elementary schools that the authorities will do well to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest. Mr. Dixon has long had the reputation of being a careful naturalist, and he writes in no carping or fault-finding spirit. All the same are his words deserving of attention. He says that he is "amazed at the quality of the information" in some of the text-books now in the hands of elementary teachers. The glaring errors in them show that the writers are too often utterly ignorant of what they profess to give information about. They confound one bird with another, they wrongly describe nests and eggs, and they are "woefully inaccurate" in their statements concerning food, migration and so forth. From our own experience of such books we are inclined to endorse and even to emphasise this criticism, as in the little handbooks issued by first-rate publishing firms we have seen the oddest mistakes, mistakes that could only have been the outcome of ignorance. Incidentally, Mr. Dixon's book is a valuable lesson in itself. We often hear of the great advantages which country children possess for the study of outdoor life, but those who produce that argument forget the friendly manner in which birds, and even animals, follow man. There is no city in England so crowded and so smoky that birds do not frequent it. They build their nests much more frequently in the gardens of town than in those of country houses. They sun and enjoy themselves in our parks as freely and happily as they do in the most secluded woodland. In many cases they lose the shyness which is so natural to them in their wilder haunts. The wood-pigeons in the park come down to be fed with their domestic brethren, the wild duck, that the sportsmen find so difficult to approach in their native meres and marshes, waddle about Hyde Park as though they had never dreamt of human enmity. Those who have eyes and ears, therefore, can be taught about Nature as effectively in London as anywhere else in the country. It would not be an exaggeration to say more effectively, because, after all, the very cream of the teaching profession comes to the metropolis, and there are not only the parks and open spaces, but within easy rail there are beautiful wild sanctuaries teeming with both animal and vegetable life.

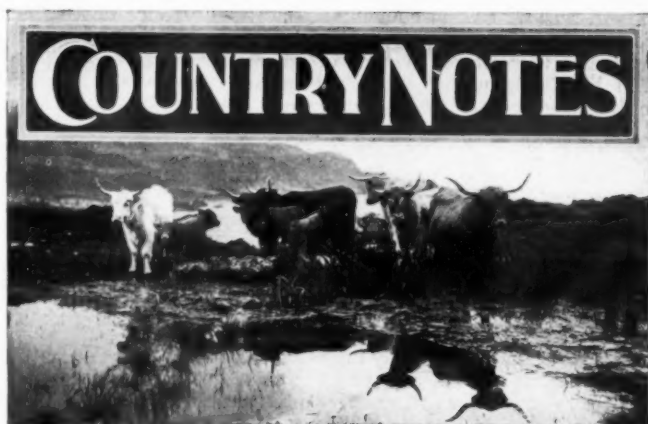
The history of London birds is an alluring study in itself. It has witnessed many curious changes. Within memory the wood-pigeons have taken up their abode in such places as the Temple Gardens and Hyde Park. Why they did not do so centuries ago it is very difficult to say. Others, like the kite, have disappeared. Old writers tell us that the kite was the scavenger of the London streets and particularly numerous around Covent Garden, where in the old days garbage was plentiful. The kite has not only disappeared from London, but is on the way to become obsolete. Other birds that have forsaken the town are the swifts that used to circle round some of the buildings. Seldom does one nowadays see martins or swallows, which used to visit the streets of timber houses, such as those in Holborn to-day. These are changes due to the caprice of the species. Woodcocks at one time used to be shot in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, but there is an obvious reason for their departure. Many singular incidents have happened in the ornithological annals of London. Once a puffin flew through a window in Brook Street, and by that luck which guides so many events, the house it flew into was that of the late Lord Lilford, whose devotion to ornithology is so well known. The fork-tailed petrel and the stormy petrel have been taken in the London streets, to which they were no doubt attracted by the light and by the pools of water. The guillemot has made a voyage to this country up the Thames as far as London, and Richmond Park has been visited by an osprey. A sedge-warbler was once taken on the roof of the Agricultural Hall at Islington, a goldcrest in the Big Wheel, a sparrow-hawk at Guy's Hospital and a woodcock in the Strand. Many years ago a golden eagle rested for a time on the dome of St. Paul's. In the course of a year millions of birds may be seen flying over the metropolis, and at night, when the din of the City is still, their resonant voices may be heard in mid-air.

The light of London or its reflection in the sky can be seen at an immense distance, and no doubt in cloudy weather it has often attracted birds. In daylight one can often see great flocks of plovers, ducks, geese and other aquatic birds winging their way over the dense population of the metropolis; and no doubt where migrants pass in large numbers, there must be some that through fatigue or other causes drop to the ground. Mr. Dixon reminds us of a saying of Professor Gätke to the effect that this veteran ornithologist used to say that he would gladly exchange all his wonderful collection of rare birds, obtained during a lifetime spent on the tiny Island of Heligoland, for those that had passed over it unrecorded and unobserved. If this was true of the tiny island, it is much more so of the great city. The migrant usually follows a well-defined path through the air; but we have evidence enough that individuals stray from it at times, so that not only are there regular tribes and voyagers going swiftly down those unseen and to us unknown paths, but occasionally there must be many a rare wanderer from other tracks that flutters for a moment above the toiling and moiling of the streets. This is the very poetry of bird life. Mr. Dixon whips us from it at one jerk into a piece of plain prose. It is, however, interesting prose, to which we have directed attention before. Those who are curious about birds may spend time to great profit in looking at the poulterers' shops when game is in season. There they will find many rare and even valuable specimens that apparently have been thrown into the hamper by the man who shot them on the chance of his receiving something from the London dealer. A very good museum of stuffed birds might be got by simply purchasing those that through ill-luck have found their way into Leadenhall Market. And this reminds us that Mr. Dixon advises very strongly a root-and-branch change in the museums at present attached to many London schools. They are only collections of odds and ends, whereas at very little trouble and expense they could be made orderly collections, suitable for the exact study of bird life. There could be no objection whatever to having birds purchased at the market and set up in a natural manner by some skilled taxidermist. Nests and eggs ought to be faithfully represented and placed, as far as possible, amid natural surroundings. If this were done, even on a very small scale, it would be a great help to the scholars, since it would enable them to obtain exact ideas as to the nature and habits of certain birds, thus forming a basis for more extended study.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess of Portarlington and her little son, Viscount Carlow. Lady Portarlington is the daughter of Mr. G. S. Yuill, and her marriage to the Earl of Portarlington took place in 1907.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



A SUGGESTION made by Mr. R. P. Hearne, and strongly supported by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, in the current number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, deserves careful consideration. It is that the art of flying should be introduced in the Universities as a sport. Obviously it would be a more profitable amusement than boating, cricket, golf, or the other common pastimes, because it would familiarise the young men of to-day with the most novel and interesting form of locomotion. At present aviation possesses all the charms that are wanted in the highest class of sport. It has an element of danger, and, just as motoring was not brought to perfection without exacting a certain number of victims from those who were the first to try it, so aviation is likely also to lead to fatal accidents. This is not on account of any danger inherent in it, but to the carelessness which ever has been displayed in the first days of an invention. The railway train and the motor are cases in point; but Mr. Hearne, although admitting that there will be a heavy price to pay for progress, expresses the opinion that when the accidents come to be analysed, it will be found that a large percentage of them were preventable. Even when you have got your aeroplane, flying is an art that can only be acquired very slowly. The writer suggests that experiments might be tried on some lonely part of the coast.

Mr. Hearne is looking a long way forward when he hints that the time will come when Oxford and Cambridge will have an annual flying-race as they have at present a boat-race. There would be one comfort about the sport, namely, that it would be likely to remain an amateur one. Those who took it up for purely commercial purposes would find more remunerative occupation than that of racing. Mr. Hearne warns the students against admitting to their sports the man who poses as an amateur, but "who is subsidised by some manufacturer." Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, in the note with which he introduces this paper, makes the wise remark that it may be that the very existence of England in future years will depend upon the number of young men able to fly. Hence he argues that, from a national as well as an educational point of view, the two great British Universities should take up the science of aviation. It would be difficult to show any grounds for disagreeing with him.

Although, like Canning's needy knife-grinder, we "do not love to meddle with politics, Sir," we cannot help thinking that the choice of Lord Hugh Cecil as a candidate for the representation of Oxford and Cambridge Universities is an extremely happy one. Universities ought, in the nature of things, to give an opportunity to able men of any party who do not find themselves running exactly in line with their friends, and "the home of lost causes" ought surely to recognise this duty in an especial manner. All—both those who sympathise with his views and those who do not agree in this appreciation—know the very great ability which Lord Hugh Cecil has inherited. It may be good policy in constituencies like Marylebone to insist that a party candidate should repeat the party shibboleths, but greater freedom of thought ought to be allowed to one who represents a University. Moreover, there are personal considerations which will, no doubt, be taken into consideration by the electors. The family of Cecil has a long connection with Oxford, and it was also Lord Hugh's University, so that a variety of causes unite to make his candidature an acceptable one.

Many famous places have been ruined by the utilitarian spirit, but there is reason to hope that Mont-Saint-Michel will be saved. The threat was that in reclaiming the quicksands around it the land round its base should be turned into what the Dutch call "polders." M. Barthou, the Minister of Public Works, has taken the matter up and has resummoned the commission which enquired into

the innovations last year. In addressing a deputation of the Touring Club, he said, "I have the habit of keeping my promises, and I have, as you state, pledged myself to save Mont-Saint-Michel." There are many places in the world where cabbages and potatoes can be grown, but there is only one Mont-Saint-Michel, and the English people have a particular interest in its preservation. It is true that the phrase the "vision of the guarded mount" has been misapplied by nearly every newspaper in the kingdom, because John Milton's reference was to our own Mount St. Michael.

Bird-lovers in London should seize the first opportunity to visit the Rembrandt Galleries in Vigo Street, where they will find a collection of water-colour pictures of bird-life which for brilliance of execution and charm of style are perfectly wonderful. These are from the brush of Mr. G. E. Lodge, and portray his favourites—eagles, falcons, grouse and other game-birds, and ducks of many kinds. Some of his birds in action are superb, as for example the hovering kestrel, the soaring eagle, and "canvas-backs" alighting on the water. One can almost hear the swish of the wings! His birds at rest are no less wonderful, and among these one of the finest is his exquisite presentation of a flock of teal standing out against a subtle haze of purple. Another magnificent colour effect is seen in his "Strathgarny Moor," while his "Blackgame over Loch Katrine" is not a whit behind in brilliance of atmosphere. In purity of colour, in softness, in atmosphere and in the marvellous sense of "life" which these pictures embody, Mr. Lodge has attained a high standard. He displays a versatility which stamps his work at once as that of a man who has lived much in the open amid the scenes he pictures.

We have received from a correspondent who signs himself "C. T. S." a collection of wild orchids, which apparently he has been at some trouble to collect. O. Morio, the green-winged orchis, was represented by varieties ranging in colour from dark purple to pink and almost white. O. mascula, the purple orchis, was very fine, with its spotted leaves and stout stems bearing long spikes of flowers, also varying in colour from deep purple to pure white. The last variety is rarely met with, and in addition to its white flowers the leaves are unspotted, making it a most distinct variety, although some forms of this species with purple flowers also have leaves without spots. There is no denying the interest of this collection made by our correspondent. All the same, we wish he had not pulled those beautiful plants up by the roots. If his example were followed to any great extent, there would soon be a great dearth of beautiful wild flowers in every part of England. Purposely, we refrain from mentioning the particular district in which the collection was made.

DAISIES.

Daisies! Eyes of the Day so the tale;
All night with your one eye shut you dream.
Some think you field flowers cheap and pale,
I know you not for that which you seem.
You are topsy-turvy stars flung down
In great handfuls when Jove frown'd a frown,
In anger thinn'd constellations out,
Dashed earthward fright'ning with his shout.
You, thrown by his hand into the glades,
Crouch'd from him beneath the slim grass blades
Until kind Nature gave you whorls of leaves
Imitating plants, you little make-believes;
For stars you are, although you send your raylight
Up not down, and only shine by daylight.

ALICE MAY.

It is very well known how sensitive the finer forms and shades of aquilegia are to any crossing with the more primitive variety of the flower, and how necessary, if the fine variety is to be kept pure, that it should be placed in a bed by itself, so that the bees should be unlikely to come to it laden with the fertilising dust of one of the common varieties. A hint of an extension of the same idea of isolation is given us by a correspondent who writes that he practically bribes—by giving them other flowers which they value more highly in exchange—the cottagers of his village not to grow any of the common varieties of this flower. Only in this way is he able to protect the pure form and delicate shades from hybridisation by the coarser kind.

The ancient City of London is constantly yielding remains of the extinct creatures which in remote ages roamed about the banks of Father Thames and its tributary streams. The British Museum of Natural History has just received fresh tokens of this fact in the skull of a woolly rhinoceros and of a mammoth which were dug up during building operations on the site of the offices of the *Daily Chronicle*. Both are skulls of young animals which had not yet shed all the milk teeth. The discovery of the rhinoceros skull is particularly interesting, since therewith was

found a part only of the lower jaw. When this and the skull were submitted to Dr. C. W. Andrews of the Geological Department of the Museum, he at once bethought him of the discovery of a similar skull and part of a lower jaw belonging to two different animals found within a few feet of the same spot some three years ago and also sent to the Museum. On comparing the two fragments he found they fitted exactly; thus after many years the two halves of the jaw have again come together.

Readers of COUNTRY LIFE ought to be specially interested in the welcome that was given to Lieutenant Shackleton on Monday night, when he arrived home after his long and arduous journey. His father, Dr. Shackleton, is a great gardener and extremely fond of flowers. He has been connected with the National Rose Society for many years, and his tastes are shared by his son. Insignificant facts like these cannot heighten the glory of Lieutenant Shackleton's achievement, but they bring him nearer to us and give a more intimate meaning to the "Welcome Home" which he and his gallant comrades so thoroughly deserve. The time, we hope, is far distant when Englishmen will cease to bestow the highest honours in their power on the pioneer and explorer. To such men as Lieutenant Shackleton, stout-hearted voyagers, does the British Empire owe its making, and it is good to know that the country which produced Drake, Frobisher and Raleigh has in reserve young men who are capable of emulating their feats.

The holding of the National Eisteddfod in Wales has inspired Mr. William Watson to send to *The Times* a very fine poem in the shape of a greeting to the Principality. It is not a piece without a flaw. We cannot pretend to admire the phrase, "nor aught but oneness," which is neither good English nor good poetry, but the poem is as manly in its spirit as it is imaginative in execution. Like every thoughtful man in Great Britain at the present moment, Mr. Watson is impressed by the fact that "on Europe, east and west, the dim clouds brood, disperse, and gather again," and he is only repeating what Lord Rosebery said and Sir Edward Grey endorsed when he goes on, "none can tell what birth they hold within them." There have been times when Mr. William Watson has found bitter things to say about the Empire; but the stately and dignified praise which he bestows upon it in this poem will go far to atone for any offence that he has given in the past. It is good that he should realise and bring others to realise that whatever may be the faults and sins of the British Empire, she loves justice and loves mercy and loves truth, and that all who rally to her support help "to speed on, through dark and difficult ways, the ever-climbing footsteps of the world."

A singular story about Irish butter was told to the House of Commons the other night by Mr. T. W. Russell. Of a hundred and fifteen test samples obtained in London and Liverpool by the officers of the Irish Department of Agriculture, only twenty-two were returned as genuine butter by Sir Charles Cameron, the analyst to whom they were submitted. This is illustrating with examples that cannot be explained away a state of affairs to which we have over and over again directed attention in these pages. Genuine Irish butter is a product of which the Emerald Isle has good reason to be proud. In its present form it has come into existence within the last few years, that is to say, since Sir Horace Plunkett took up the re-organisation of Irish agriculture. It is a butter that will compare with any in the market; but those who adulterate it or sell a mixture under the same name are not only guilty of fraud upon the public, but are doing a very great injury to Irish agriculture. They are preventing the consumer from recognising how excellent are the real products of the dairy of to-day, the outcome of many lessons learnt from Denmark and other countries.

A scene of unparalleled excitement occurred in the Senate House at Cambridge on Tuesday night, when the Mathematical Tripos lists were read out. The occasion has always been one for a great gathering of students, but what added to the intensity of the feeling this year is the fact that it is probably the last time on which the name of a Senior Wrangler will be read out. Mr. P. J. Daniell, who achieved the distinction of being the last Senior Wrangler, is a student of Trinity. He was educated at King Edward's Grammar School, Birmingham, where he obtained the junior, senior and leaving exhibitions of the Warwick County Council. As he was born on January 9th, 1889, he has not yet achieved his majority. His success was very popular, and his college also furnished the second Wrangler, Mr. E. H. Neville, while the third Wrangler, Mr. L. J. Mordell, is at St. John's College. Bracketed with four others in the fourth place was Mr. Darwin, the son of Sir George Darwin, whose success was very enthusiastically received, partly, no doubt, owing to the approaching celebrations at the sister University of his grandfather, Charles Darwin.

A case which has come up at one of the police courts, but is not as we write decided, shows what a great need for vigilance there is on the part of the authorities of the British Museum. A reader was watched and discovered in the act of cutting out prints from two rare books, "2e Théâtre des Peintures de David Teniers, 1660" and "Travels by Sea and Land in East and West Indies," by Pieter Vander, 1707. It would be out of our place to discuss the evidence in this particular instance, but the incident shows what an easy form of theft is that of stealing prints from a public library. A few years ago very few thieves would have deemed it worth their while; but recently the market for prints has very much enlarged, and in consequence there is a much wider knowledge of their value. Hence it follows that anyone in possession of a valuable print can raise money on it without difficulty, and the danger to libraries is greatly increased. The only way to meet it that we can think of is to exercise very great care in allowing visitors to obtain even temporary possession of a valuable book.

The second report of the fishery investigations in the North Sea, which are being carried out by the Marine Biological Association of the United Kingdom, has just been published, and is, at least, honest in its confession of the immense amount that still remains to be learnt in regard to the fish-life of those seas which produce this life most freely. One of the most discouraging points in the report is the account of the steady decrease in the numbers of plaice. It seems that the nursery of the plaice is chiefly along the Continental shores of the North Sea; but that the sole, on the other hand, passes most of its youth on our side. The investigation into the extent of the injury done by the trawls to the immature soles and plaice is necessarily difficult to conduct in a satisfactory way, and its results are far from conclusive; but at least it seems to demonstrate that the otter trawl is considerably more destructive than the beam trawl, and since the former is almost entirely superseding the latter, the destruction is not likely to be arrested.

A SILVERY LAUGH.

A silvery laugh along the telephone
Rang in my ears one day from Devonshire,
From Devonshire to London, where for hire
I pen myself as in a vault of stone.

It rang for me, it rang for me alone,
Re-echoing sweeter than a fairies' choir,
A silvery laugh!

Its music streamed upon me like a loan
Of grateful rain amidst Sahara's fire.
She I most worship, she I most desire
Sent me, for weeks of silence to atone,

A silvery laugh!

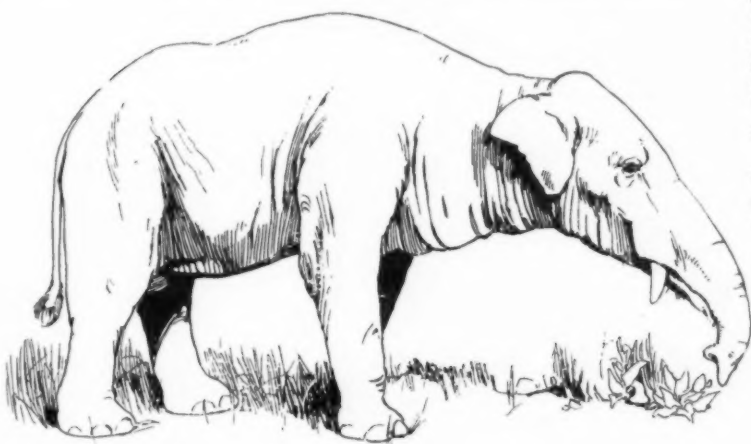
E. W. MORRISON.

Already forecasts of the coming harvest are being prepared. In spite of the inclement June which we have experienced so far, it seems likely that the harvest will be a very early one. The May sunshine has produced the effect of causing plants of all kinds to flower more quickly than they would otherwise have done. Already the wheat is reported to be in ear in the Peterborough district, and the accounts both of barley and wheat show that in Lincolnshire and other of the Eastern Counties they are very far forward. At the same time, it is said that the potatoes are unusually early and a very promising crop. The outlook, therefore, is a fairly satisfactory one at the moment; but so much depends on the weather of the weeks that have to come that it would be folly to place much reliance upon these early and very speculative forecasts of the season's in-gathering.

In a curiously moralising leader, our contemporary, *The Times*, has been dwelling on the different eye with which man has come to regard himself in his relationship to animals. The old attitude is more or less familiar to all of us. It was that man was the supreme being on this earth, at any rate, and that all the plants and all the animals had been made for his use and service. The winds that blow and the waves that beat upon the shore were said to exist only for the good of man. The evolutionary idea is responsible for a complete change. We now know that man is a life struggling to maintain itself among millions of other lives, that organisms exist which are at enmity with him and that live on him, even as the carnivorous animal lives on those less able to fight than itself. Man, so to speak, has had to step down from his high altitude and take his place among the crowd of other organic beings. The only difference is that he has evolved a morality to which no other animal has reached; but a morality, after all, means manners, and how far our manner of living has been produced by utilitarianism born of experience it is not easy to determine. The argument that this is the case implies that the difference between us and the animals is not one of kind but only of degree.

THE DARWIN CENTENARY.

THE selection of Cambridge as the head centre for the celebration of the centenary of the birthday of the great apostle of evolution, which takes place during the present month, is to be commended for several reasons, of which it will suffice to mention two. First, Cambridge was Darwin's *alma mater*, and secondly, a celebration of this nature in the metropolis would run a great chance of being overwhelmed and lost sight of amid the gaieties of the London season. In the "learned leisure" of Cambridge is to be found, on the other hand, everything in favour of such a celebration, which, from the number of distinguished



After Dr. C. W. Andrews.

THE PALÆOMASTODON.

An early Egyptian ancestor of the elephant.

scientific men who have promised to be present, can scarcely fail to prove a pronounced success. Cambridge is, indeed, doing the thing in a most thorough-going manner, for, in addition to the actual celebration and the conferring of degrees on distinguished naturalists and evolutionists, it is publishing a volume in which Darwinism and evolution are treated in an exhaustive manner from almost every conceivable point of view. The different sections of this volume are written by specialists in their own particular subjects, and largely, if not entirely, by men connected in one way or another with the University. Not that the work is in any way the composition of a University clique, as will be evident when we mention that Professor W. B. Scott of Princeton, New Jersey, himself an old Cambridge man, has been selected to write the section on vertebrate palæontology. This work, we imagine, for at present we have seen only the prospectus, may long remain a standard digest of the evidence in favour of evolution towards the close of the first decade of the twentieth century.

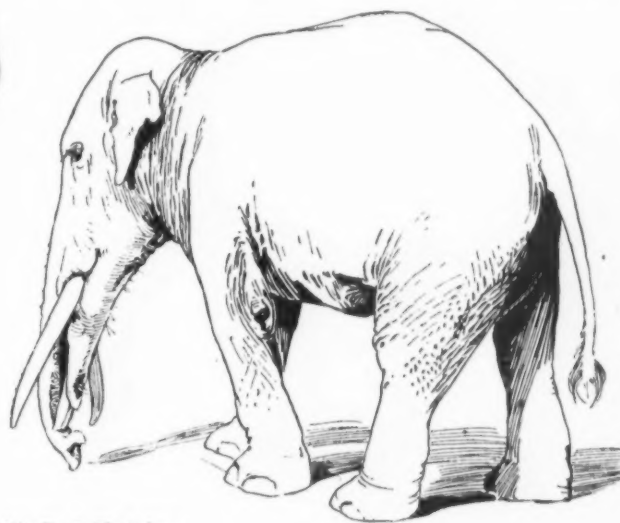
London will not, however, be left without some share in the great Darwin celebration, for we learn that an exhibition illustrative of evolution and Darwinism will shortly be installed in the hall of the natural history branch of the British Museum. What will be the precise nature of this exhibit cannot, of course, be predicted. But since the Museum possesses the remains of the great extinct animals of South America collected by Darwin himself, the evidence of which did so much to convince him of the truth of his great theory, it is probable that some of these will form a part of the show. It is also a reasonable expectation that samples of the curious "penguin-ducks" of Java and the Porto Santo rabbits, both mentioned in "The Origin of Species," will likewise be included.

It is but a little time ago that we celebrated the jubilee of the promulgation of the doctrine of the origin of species through small modifications by Charles Robert Darwin (to give him his full name) and Alfred Russel Wallace; and it is curious to reflect how complete and decisive has been the victory of that epoch-making doctrine within the comparatively short period of half a century. Nowadays, if we are not "all Socialists," we are at all events all evolutionists; and we accept evolution as the one rational explanation not only of the mutual affinities and relationships of the various groups and members of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, but of almost everything else in the world, not excluding religion and politics. On the other hand, there was a time within our memory when the elder members of

the community (apart from scientific men) either refused to discuss Darwinism at all, or lost their tempers in arguing, generally on the most flimsy pretexts, against it.

The truth is that, with the exception of the more far-seeing and intelligent naturalists and geologists, the men and women of Darwin's own day shut their ears to the evolutionary doctrine, and refused to listen to its prophet. And perhaps this unwillingness to accept the inevitable was in no small degree due to the agnostic attitude assumed by the founder of Darwinism in regard to religious matters, and still more so by the avowedly atheistical views held by a few of his followers in this country and by still more on the Continent. The present generation, on the other hand, has been brought up to accept evolution as practically a proved fact; and all supposed antagonism of the doctrine to religion has been removed by the expression on the part of earnest scientific men like the late Lord Lister and Sir William Flower of their firm belief in an all-powerful Creator and Ruler of the Universe.

The Darwinian doctrine—we will not now call it a theory—was undoubtedly promulgated at a fortunate time. Biological, and especially embryological, research was soon after carried on—with the aid of powerful microscopes—in a manner which had



After Dr. C. W. Andrews.

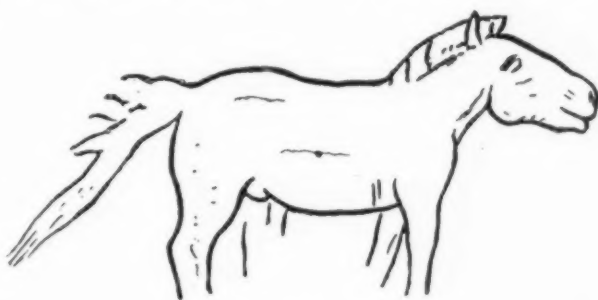
THE LONG-CHINNED MASTODON.

A primitive Elephant with elongated chin and tusks in both jaws.

never previously been attempted, and which, indeed, up to that time had been impossible. And researches of this nature did much in the course of comparatively few years to give a firm basis of fact to the new theory.

The opening up of the "Bad Lands" of the United States and the consequent marvellous discoveries of the remains of extinct types of animals till then undreamt of, did, however, still more; and it is not too much to say that palæontology has, as might have been expected, done more to place evolution on an absolutely unassailable basis than has any other branch of natural science. At the date of the publication of "The Origin of Species" the descent of the existing members of the horse from a five-toed creature no bigger than a fox was absolutely unthought of, although, curiously enough, both extremes and at least one of the intermediate members of the series was already known. The close affinity of birds to reptiles, as revealed by the structure of the extinct dinosaurs of the Oolitic, was equally unknown; and no one imagined at that time that the curious mammal-like reptiles of the early Secondary rocks of South Africa, many of which had been already described, would eventually be proved to be the ancestral stock from which mammals themselves have

been derived, or that these early reptiles would turn out to be closely related to the primeval salamanders, or labyrinthodonts, of the same and a somewhat earlier epoch. Later followed the discovery of the evolutionary history of the camels, which is now as well known as that of the horses; while, to crown all, we have at length, from the wonderful discoveries made of late years in Egypt, solved the puzzle of the origin of the elephant. If all these facts had been known and their meaning rightly interpreted at the date of Darwin's great work, the writing of "The



THE CAVE-HORSE.

(From a prehistoric sketch.)

Origin of Species" would assuredly have been a much less difficult task than was the case with the materials and evidence available at the time.

To the palaeontological evidence accumulated in favour of evolution since the date of the publication of "The Origin of



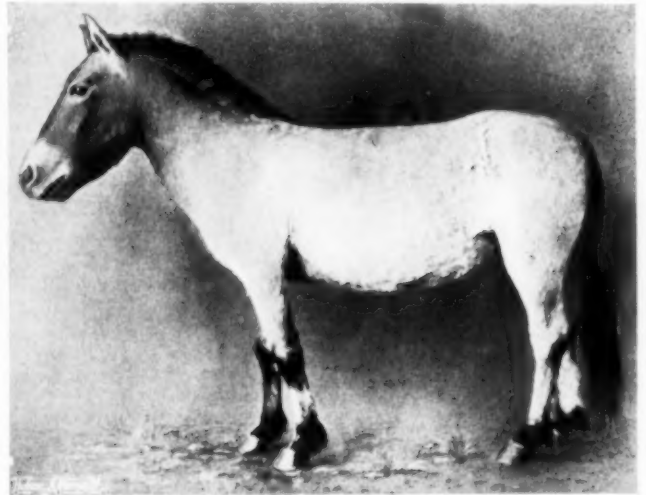
AN EXTINCT THREE-TOED HORSE.

Species" must be added that derived from further investigations with regard to the antiquity and "prehistoric history" of man himself and the discovery of low types of human-like creatures such as the one exemplified by the famous Trinil skull of Java. The difficulty with which naturalists are now confronted in regard to what constitutes a species, owing to the elaborate way in which the smaller mammals are now collected and studied, is another strong piece of evidence in favour of the truth of evolution.

But it would be mere waste of space and time to elaborate further how strongly the doctrine of evolution is supported by every line of scientific investigation, while it is contradicted by none. Unless, indeed, we admit the inconceivable proposition that the whole scheme of animal creation, both living and extinct, was purposely designed for the purpose of deceiving and mocking the human understanding, the doctrine of evolution is as much entitled to rank as an established fact as is the daily rising and setting of the sun. Whether, however, Darwinism—that is to say, Darwin's explanation of the method or methods by which evolution acts—is the true solution of Nature's riddle is still a question, and likely long to remain so, although its importance is infinitely less than was the question whether or no evolution were true. Perhaps the most essential feature of Darwinism is the extreme importance attached to minute modifications in the structure of animals and plants, and the efficiency of these, when conserved and increased as the result of the "survival of the fittest" and the "struggle for existence," in the production of new species.

Reference may be made to an article by Darwin's coadjutor, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, published in the *Contemporary Review* for August last, in which the author contends that the truth and stability of the doctrine of evolution by the action of natural selection are not affected by any one of the alternative theories respectively known as neo-Lamarckism, the mutation theory of de Vries and Mendelism. Neo-Lamarckism is dismissed with the statement that since there is no evidence to show the inheritance of acquired

bodily characters or their incorporation in the germ-plasm, the fundamental assumption of the theory is false. As to mutation, it is pointed out that whereas sudden structural "leaps" are common among cultivated plants and domesticated animals, in Nature they are very rare, and would be speedily swamped in the course of evolution. This implies the existence in cultivation and domestication of a "provocative" factor, lacking, or latent, in Nature, and this strikes at the root of the Mendelian doctrine as explanatory of the origin of

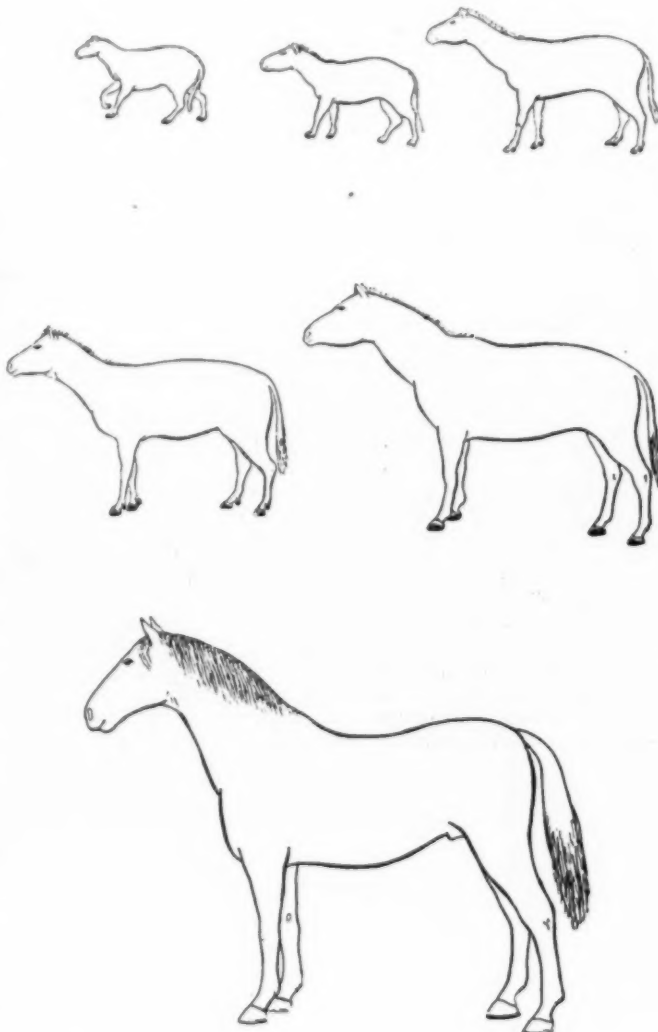


THE MONGOLIAN WILD HORSE.

species. The claims of the mutationists and Mendelians, as made by many of their supporters, are regarded by the veteran author as ludicrous in their exaggeration and misapprehension of the problem they profess to solve. On the other hand, it is admitted that Mendelism may, and probably will, have a certain value in explaining the transmission of disease and other matters connected with heredity.

We may take next the opinion of the well-known American naturalist, Dr. C. H. Merriam, who has stated that there is no evidence of origin by mutation (sudden marked variation) in this class, but that everything points to variation by insensible degrees, adding that among mammals there is abundant evidence of the gradation of one species or race into another, so much so that specific or racial separation of specimens is often difficult. While admitting that in rare instances species of plants may arise by the perpetuation of "sports," Dr. Merriam emphatically pronounces that the overwhelming majority of plants and, so far as known, all animals have originated by the gradual development of minute variations.

Next we have another well-known American naturalist, Professor C. O. Whitman, who, at St. Louis, in 1904, argued that although Eimer's theory of orthogenesis and the mutation hypothesis of de Vries appear, respectively, contradictory to Darwin's natural selection, yet all three may be reconciled. Mutation may be admitted to be true in the case of the evening primrose, but this by no means indicates that it occurs in most other instances. On the contrary, Professor Whitman affirmed that he possessed conclusive evidence that species-forming variation advances



After Lull.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HORSE.

From the earliest Tertiary to the present day.

in a definite direction (orthogenesis), although there are also variations advancing in different directions (amphigenesis). Orderly variation does not imply teleology, and the orthogenetic progress, of which there is an excellent sample in the development of the dark markings on the wings of pigeons, is the primary and fundamental one. In its course we find unlimited opportunities for the play of natural selection, while we escape the difficulty of incipient stages, and also readily understand why we find so many conditions arising and persisting without the direct help of selection.

Two other instances, and we have done. In the first of these, Mr. C. F. Cox, writing in the *American Naturalist* for February, 1909, urges that while Darwin would not have accepted, at least in its entirety, the mutation theory of de Vries, yet that the author of "The Origin of Species" was compelled to concede that what we now call mutation had occasionally taken place and become the starting-point of new races, although he was none the less unshaken in the conviction that this process was exceptional and extraordinary, and that, as a rule, a new species originated by the gradual building up of minute, and even insignificant, deviations from the average characters of an old species. For the doctrine of "insensible gradations," which touched mainly a minor premise in his general argument for evolution, Darwin was almost willing to relinquish the essence of the whole matter, which was his claim to the discovery of a *vera causa* in

the evolutionary process. The establishment of the theory of natural selection was indeed Darwin's greatest and most original achievement; and time has proved that he could have afforded to stand upon the general validity of this theory, though everything in his argument in its favour had needed review and modification. Properly regarded, the mutation theory does not, in the opinion of Mr. Cox, militate against or weaken the doctrine of natural selection; but, on the contrary, merely offers itself as a substitute for one of Darwin's subordinate steps in the approach to a consistent philosophy of the origin of species, leaving the great cause of evolution as efficient as ever. It is, therefore, concludes our author, one of the tragedies of science that in this matter Darwin should have been ready to surrender his main position rather than to receive and to join forces with those who were coming to his aid.

Finally, we have Professor S. J. Holmes, in the May number of the same journal, winding up his argument by the statement that if sudden mutations have been a not uncommon source of varieties of domesticated animals and cultivated plants, it does not follow that the selection of comparatively small variations has not been the predominant method of species-forming in a state of nature. Fifty years from the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species" we are still debating the central problem of that epoch-making book; but it is not improbable that in the end the views of its sagacious author will prove more nearly correct than those of most of his modern critics.

EARLY SUMMER.



J. M. Whitehead.

A FLOWERY WAY.

Copyright.

NEVER was the weather more confused than it has been this year. The feast dedicated to Bel, the god of fire, or, as it is under the Christian dispensation, St. John's Eve, approaches, and still last week-end those who follow the simple life in the country, instead of betaking themselves to the garden, the golf links or the river, were glad "to pile a bright fire" and try to make time pass with a novel while a keen nor'-easter forced an entrance to the cosiest rooms and conducted a lively search for likely spots whereon to plant rheumatism, toothache,

earache and the other ills man is heir to. On the windows pattered a rain so cold and chilly it seemed to have been kept in a frozen chamber since January. The week before men dined at a public banquet with their great-coats on. Yet only a few days earlier the world was panting with a heat that would not have been amiss in July. It would appear that the sunniest May on record is to be succeeded by the wettest and coldest June. So does the typical Englishman grumble; but partly this is because June is the most exquisite month of the year, and so much is expected of her. Now is the day when



A. H. Hall.

THE HIGHLANDS IN JUNE.

Copyright.

she hangs the most consummate blossom, the wild rose, on the hedgerow, giving to the dusty highway an herbaceous border that no subtlety of art can rival. Now on mountain and common she uncurls the fronds of that most beautiful of ferns, the bracken, that is already clothing the barren hillside with peerless green. Now slowly glides the river in its sinuous course through English meadows on which the buttercup is replacing the daisy. Now is the corn growing tall and stately in "the forty acre," ready to produce its precious ears for sun and wind to caress till they become foodstuff for man. Now the grasses in the meadow ripen till they and the flowers entangled in them tempt forth the harvester of hay, who with his strong team and tinkling machine will drive round and round, laying low a swathe in every circuit.

Wild life is at its flood, but the "cheep, cheep" of insistent hungry younglings has replaced the melody which filled the air a month ago. The nightingale is not utterly silent, but only now and then a belated singer tells of a laggard love. The cuckoo now changes his tune and seems to have a difficulty in enunciating the last syllable of his monotonous cry. Linnets and finches, thrushes and blackbirds are all engaged in serious family duties. One cannot walk in the country without encountering the absurd results of their courtship and solicitude—fat, ill-balanced creatures, that flatten their wings and open their

beaks, and hop or fly unsteadily from bough to bough, while that miracle of altruism, the love of parents, is manifested by the vigilant, eager old birds that carry to their children grubs and other food. Thus do they testify to Nature's ceaseless care that the race should be continued. It is usually the female who is most unselfish, though the partridge, the chaffinch and the robin are only a few among many brilliant exceptions to the general rule. But the lordly pheasant who saunters through the sun-flecked glades, while the hen does her patient brooding, is the typical example of the male to whom Nature says "a precious gift I bring you, Life; see that you preserve it." But to the female she speaks with a different voice. "On you depends the continuance of the race, and that it may continue you must be ever ready to undergo pain and suffering, to maintain a long and silent watch, to give your food to others, though you starve yourself, to care for and watch over those whom you have brought into the world."

To keep the tribes in being requires all the care that the female, guided by Nature, can exercise. It is probable that at this minute the wild population of our fields and groves is at its maximum. Where there were two birds only at the beginning of the year there are in a vast majority of cases six now. No exact figures are attainable and no guess can

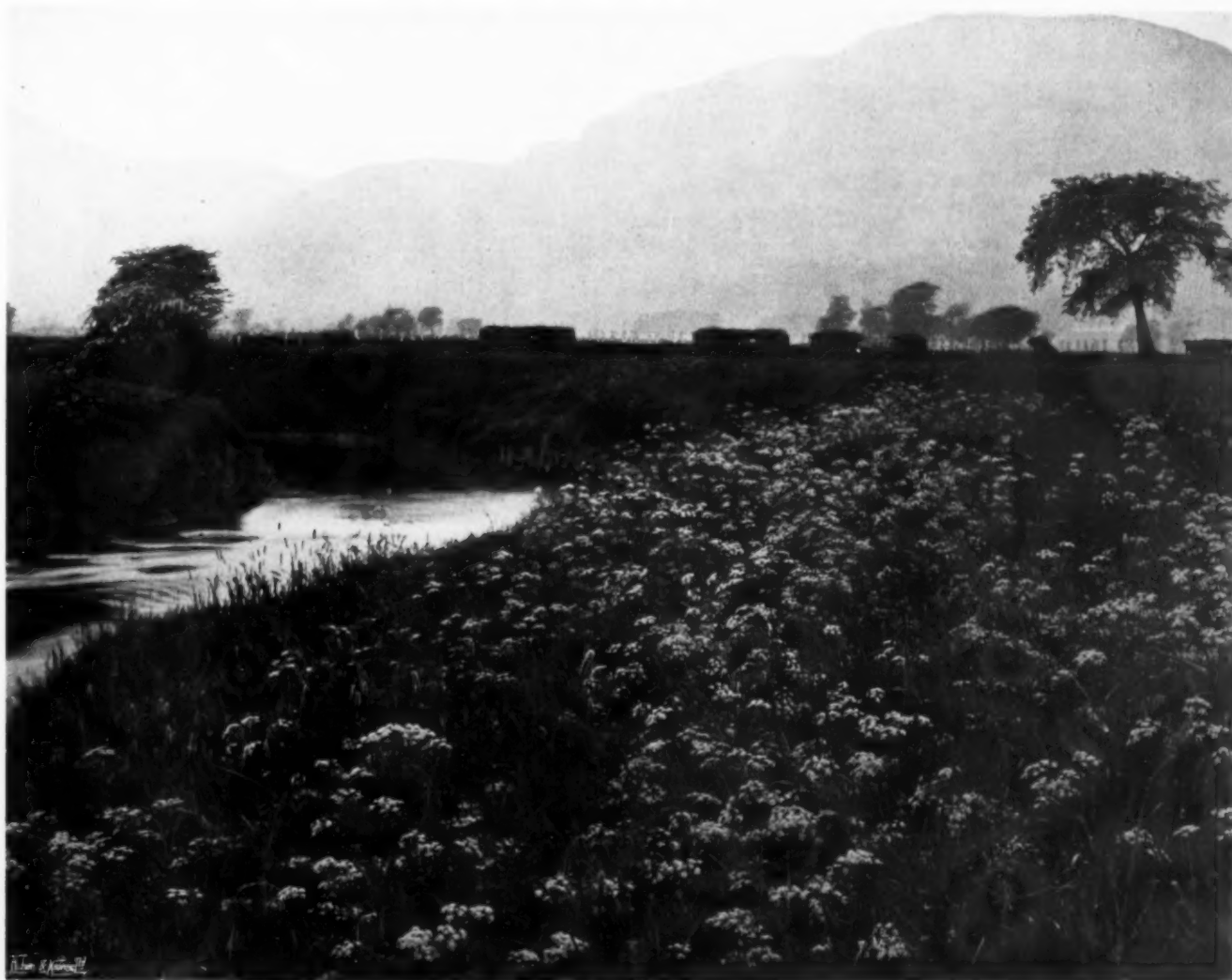


SKIRTING THE WOODLAND.

*"UNCURLING FRONDS OF PEERLESS GREEN."*

he made that we can even pretend will be approximate, because it is certain that large numbers of birds annually abstain from breeding. Many, whom we must consider the old maids and bachelors of the tribes to which they belong, roost contentedly by themselves while all the business of house-building and nursing is going on. Possibly a large number of them are males who have been unable to find a mate, who have been, that is to say, beaten in the tournaments and battles that are held at the beginning of the mating season. But whatever the proportion may be, it is clear that the population has been very largely increased during the months of April, May and June. Yet it is doubtful if next year at this time there will be more birds of any one species alive. There are families, as there are among human beings, that thrive and multiply. The sparrow and the starling, for example, do increase year by year. There are others that appear to be steadily decreasing for reasons which it is difficult, if not impossible, to probe. Naturalists say that when the males exceed the females in any race that race is decadent. If this rule be applied to

cuckoos, then the cuckoo must be deemed the most decadent of all the birds, for to every female that comes over here there are several males. In ordinary species, it is difficult to allot the proportion of the sexes. Who could say, for instance, whether there are more male or female ravens in Great Britain at this moment, whether there are more male or female bearded tits in the Norfolk Broads, whether there are more male or female hen-harriers alive? It is impossible to find an answer to these questions, just as it is impossible to give the real reason why they seem to be fading out of the fauna of Great Britain. Persecution may account for it in part, but not altogether. A bird has to become rare before it is much sought for and becomes an object for the collector. It would be possible to elaborate this line of thought to any extent. It is at least an appropriate one for a day in June in which, though a cold wind and colder rain are driving against the green vegetation, Nature, unconcerned, pursues her function of replenishing the earth with those tribes whom she has placed in possession of wayside and meadow and grove.



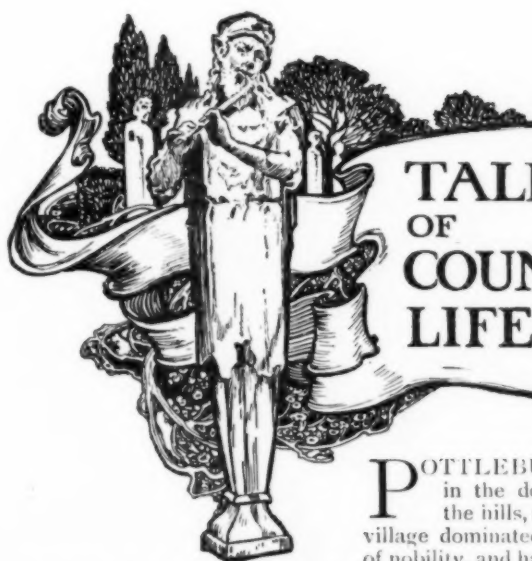
J. M. Whithead.

"NOW IS THE HIGH TIDE OF THE YEAR."

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AT THE HEAD OF THE CREEK.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

A MOONLIGHT SONATA.

BY
"BROWN LINNET."



POTTLEBURY nestled in the deep hollow of the hills, a simple little village dominated by the eye of nobility, and having in itself

no power or wish to see over and beyond the range of the hill-tops, that surrounded its life as a child clasps its treasure in the hollow of its hand. Its inhabitants were a yoked race. The despot eye fixed upon them was too much for their humble individuality. They jogged phlegmatically along in their humble walk of life, and if they had ideas or wishes of their own they kept them hidden in their own breasts, or mentioned them as a thing too trivial for serious consideration. So when Betsy Blythe—a widow woman of some seventy odd years—was convicted of systematic rabbit-snaring, and removed to the county town to repent herself of this propensity, she was more missed than many another would have been in happier circumstances, for her wonderful in lependence and wickedness were a subject of much interest and conversation. But no one openly regretted her absence, though many took occasion to rebuke her aloud at their cottage doors.

Then in due time Betsy came back—a regenerate woman. For her offences she had been punished duly. For weeks the plantation had missed her footfall, and her house had stood shuttered and empty. The little garden gate had been tied up against the invasion of tramps with a piece of knotted rope. When she came back after her absence and untied this piece of rope, the neighbours eyed her from afar.

"Dear me! Well, I'm afraid they've forgot me," said Betsy, loud enough for them to hear. "Well, I d'essay I've growned."

She fitted the key into the latch of her door and, with a friendly nod over her shoulder, disappeared within the house.

"Well, I declare, she's back," said Mrs. Martin, lugubriously. "I only hope she's repented her!"

"She looks pretty gay," said Mrs. Davis, the next-door neighbour, doubtfully.

They spoke quite a long time about Betsy and her affairs, and wondered what his lordship would say to having her back at the gates of his plantations again, so to speak; and, as they chatted, smoke began to curl merrily up from the chimney of Betsy's house, and above the sound of the broom and the swirling of bucketfuls of water came the unusual sound of a hymn sung just a little out of tune and with two beats between the notes, which might have been due either to severe bodily exertion or extreme piety.

Betsy washed her blankets and her counterpane, her curtains, the table-cloth and sundries. She also took to sitting at the open doorway mending the shocking holes in her apron and shawl, and day in, day out, she continued to sing piously.

It was not to be expected, however, after all that had gone before, that these outward signs of inward grace should have an immediate effect. Constable Green sauntered about of a night-time just outside Betsy's house, and punctually at nine o'clock saw the dip candle on the table wafted out of the kitchen to be born anew in a window upstairs, where, after a short time, it was extinguished and silence reigned.

This did not quite satisfy him, however; but he was rather stout and rather lazy, and so he deputed his official eye to his nephew—a promising young slip of the Force, who prowled up and down the lane in the dewy mornings, and saw Betsy open her window and door punctually at seven of the clock—and never saw anything else.

So it was gradually rumoured that Betsy Blythe had turned over a new leaf; and by and by Mr. Stutt, the parish priest, came up on a pastoral visit and exhorted her to come to church—as he had ever done, good old man—and Betsy went. She sat by the door and cried a little; and eventually Mrs. Stutt gave her an old bonnet (for the poor soul had but the ragged tweed cap that had belonged to her master, when he was alive, to wear). It was a plain black bonnet, very sober and nice.

And by and by the news of her return from abroad, and the renovation of her character, travelled up to the Hall, and brought down to Betsy's humble little cot no less a personage than his lordship himself.

Betsy was sewing on her doorstep as he appeared coming up the village street in the distance. She looked up at something in the sky—a bird, perchance—certainly not at him, and began to sing her favourite hymn; and so intent was she upon biting her cotton off short, and finishing the last line of the tune at the same time, that she never heard the Earl's footstep until he had actually opened the little gate leading up to her door and walked in. Then she scrambled hastily up and curtsied humbly.

"It's his lordship!" she whispered.

His lordship stood erect, gazing searchingly at her from under his bushy eyebrows ere he spoke; and Betsy awaited the words about to fall from his lips with hands meekly folded across her chest and eyes that were dropped becomingly.

Pottlebury itself and all the country for miles around it belonged to his lordship; and perhaps it was but natural that he should consider the inhabitants of the little village his too. He looked upon them as his special charge—a simple and uneducated people, willing and only waiting to be directed into the path of duty they should follow, and he never scrupled to point out the way (disagreeable as that duty might sometimes be); but he was sorely perplexed and not a little annoyed if their feet showed indications of refusing to take the direction which he had indicated, or got stuck in the mud by the way.

Betsy now stood facing in the right direction. It was most important that she should have someone to point out the path of duty to her aright. Even now she seemed to have taken a step forward, for at the end of half-an-hour's admonition she raised her apron to her eyes and began to sob pitifully. "I've ben a bad ol' woman—I knows that well!" she blubbered. "I tried ter purvide fer meself, when I ought ter hev knowed as there was others ter purvide fer poor ol' bodies such as me. I'll mak' no excuses. I've ben a good darter to Ol' 'Arry; and that's all about it!"

His lordship had all a man's dread of tears. He hastened to adopt a more gentle tone with this poor old sinner.

"Well, well," he said, "it is to your credit, at any rate, that you can truthfully say that you have been a good daughter to him. It shows that you have the germ of good in your disposition. I have spoken somewhat severely to you, perhaps, but it was because I am so anxious for your welfare; and I want to be the means of helping you to do better, and to live up to the high standard that, I am happy to say, has otherwise been so well maintained in this village."

Betsy slowly dried her eyes. "I suppose you never see Ol' 'Arry?" she said, humbly.

The Earl searched the archives of his mind, and shook his head thoughtfully. "I know everybody for miles around," he said, "but I cannot recall him at the moment. Possibly I knew him in my earlier years—very possibly."

Betsy re-covered her face with her apron. His lordship was beginning to feel quite brutal. He cleared his throat. "Well, Mrs. Blythe, I must say good-morning to you now," he said: "it is a great pleasure to me to be able to go home and tell her ladyship that the report we heard of you has in nowise been exaggerated. I shall keep my eye upon you, and from time to time I hope I may be able to help you in little ways, as necessity demands, and when I see that you are really deserving of aid."

"I'm sure I thank yer kindly, his lordship!" said Betsy, and she shoved out a disreputable foot, and looked at it in an absent-minded way.

His lordship looked at it too, and, being a gentleman, looked away again as quickly as possible. But as he went out of the garden gate he gave the poor old woman a florin.

"I can't take it, his lordship!" said Betsy, putting her hands behind her back. "I'm not deserving."

His lordship was touched. He sought for her hand, and pressed the coin into it with kind authority. "Put it by," he advised her; "or buy yourself something that you are really in need of—shoes—or—or—tea, or something."

So Betsy took the money and blessed him as he went.

The Earl felt cheered. Hitherto Betsy Blythe had been a sore trial in the way. There is little satisfaction in possessing a thing that is not intact, and the obstinacy and unregeneracy of even one old woman in a village may be the cause of much annoyance.

Betsy watched his lordship go; then she sat down on her doorstep to her sewing again, and saw, out of the corner of her eye, how dreadfully Mrs. Martin was wanting to come across and see what she had "got." But Betsy did not encourage gossips nowadays. She saw, also, Constable Green coming down the lane, passing his lordship with a martial salute and erect carriage, and after the encounter dropping once more into his habitual comfortable saunter, which brought him at length to Betsy's little gate, upon which he planted his rotund, blue arms. "Well, Mrs. Blythe!" he said; "so you are back again, are you!"

Betsy looked up. "Why!—it's Constable Green!" she told herself aloud.

"Been away such a long time you've forgot me, I suppose?"

"No, Constable, no—there's a bit too much of yer ter forget," said Betsy, regarding him thoughtfully; "you've growed—stout."

Constable Green laughed and spat. "Sleep well at nights now?" he queried.

"Well, I've dreams, whiles," Betsy answered him.

"Ah, been having a little rabbit for supper, eh?"

Betsy looked reprovingly at him. "Yer'er preacher up at Mount Zion, ain't yer?" she said, without anger—rather in sorrow. "Yea, I knows yer are. Yet yer comes and mocks a poor ol' body with what's past and done with. Now I advise yer ter go home and say yer prayers."

She stitched on, and Constable Green's mouth flew open, to close again with the only remark that occurred to him at the moment. "Well, I'm keeping my eye on you, remember," he said; then he removed his arms from the top of the gate and sauntered off with what unconcern he might, and Betsy rose and went into the cottage and shut the door.

"Lor!" she said, "this is nearly killing me; but I'm getting on. It do seem sich a pity as I can't tak' them two eyes as are upon me—his lordship's and Constable Green's—and put 'em both in the same body. It do give me sich a lot of extr'y work a-minding of 'em both."

Then she put the florin in the old teapot upon the chimney-shelf and set it high up in the cobwebby shades alongside a portly spotted china dog. "I'm nary going ter get me a pair o' slippers with that flurren," she said, with a sigh; "it 'ud be a rare pity ter throw away good money upon a thing like that!" Then she broke into an ample smile. "Well now, yer know," she muttered, "I haven't done so bad, so I needn't fret me over having ter play up ter 'em a bit for awhile. I've got me a flurren and a good bunnet already and by and by I'll put some roses in that there bunnet—yallar ones, same as her ladyship's got." Then she sat down to her tea, and by and by, as the dark shadows blocked the corners of the kitchen, she went up to bed.

She could not help feeling rather an aggrieved woman as she lay there in the moonlight. It is not agreeable (even when it is deserved) to be distrusted and suspected. The eyes of the whole village were upon the sinner, and Betsy could see very well that they did not seem to put the faith in her tardy piety that might have been expected considering the pains she had been at to create a good impression, or in spite of the fact that his lordship at least had taken her at her own valuation.

Aw! how Betsy hated it all! She was like a mouse in a hated trap—she had food, and room to move, and that was all. The bars of circumstances hemmed her in on every side, and so far she could see no way of escape.

Sometimes, when the moon shone bright, she lay in her four-poster and gazed out upon the star-lit sky with a suppressed longing that was akin to torture. Once she got up and went to the window. The clock on the hall tower was just striking ten in the distance. As its last note died away Betsy opened her window and thrust her head out into the dusky night. How silent it was—how tempting! A voice from the past seemed to call to her in the tender scent of the dew. Far away her old friend—the sedge-warbler—was holding forth in the marshes down by the river, as fussy and insistent as ever. On the common the rabbits would be coming out by scores—animated little shades, with white flashes interspersed, darting in and out of the deeper shades of brake and gorse. The thought of it maddened her; but suddenly in the stillness came another sound—someone was coming. Betsy drew the window close, and, wrapping the curtain about her, kept watch. A solid

and burly form was coming down the lane from the direction of the village. For a moment or two it stopped at her gate, looking from side to side—silent now and watchful. Then the searching glance was directed upward. But the window above gave no sign, and in a few moments the burly form moved away.

A wholly promising night, and only Constable Green to stop the way, his arms resting upon the very road to liberty. Betsy resolved to put spikes along the top of her gate; and then she crept back to bed and a fiercely strangled tear burst and trickled down her furrowed cheek. But ten minutes afterwards a little mouse, taking a midnight prow on behalf of its family, was startled home by the sound of a loud chuckle from the four-poster. Then Betsy rolled over and slept profoundly.

It was about four nights after this that Constable Green came home in a hurry and called upon his nephew (who was eating his supper with an undutiful disregard of his uncle's absence) in a manner that betrayed some agitation of mind. "She's going to do it at last! Come on quick, Jim, and be canny!"

Constable Green was out of breath. He had obviously been running hard; his face was very red and damp.

Jim snatched his cap and bolted the last mouthful of his supper, and without deigning to explain to the fretful wife in the armchair by the fire who "she" was and what it was that she was about to do, the constable and his nephew went out.

Jim was a lad of few words. He simply followed his uncle's lead. Constable Green slunk swiftly along on the grass by the wayside, and was breathlessly exultant.

"You'll be heered," admonished Jim, in a whisper.

The constable held his laboured breathing for a moment or two, only to break out more explosively at the last. "I hope she won't be gone!" he said. "If she has, we must follow her; but at any rate keep out of sight, and come after me."

"She" had not gone. The kitchen door stood widely ajar, letting forth a bold stream of light across the lane.

"Look through the gap in the hedge," said Constable Green—"see her?"

"Yes."

"What's she doing now?"

"She's looping up a piece of wire—and putting it in her pocket—and another! Oh, golly! It's the gins ail right!"

The lad grinned in the dark.

"That's what I thought too. Now we'll hide close against the hedge, and 'mum's' the word. She won't see us, coming out of the strong light inside there; and when she's got well on we'll make tracks after her—you see?"

"You are not going to nab her straight off, then?"

It was a pity Jim could not see the constable's expression of exceeding scorn.

"There's a deal for you to learn about-stratgerty yet, young man!" he said, dryly. "The game in this case, of course, is to catch her red-handed; which is what we are about to do with luck!"

Then involuntarily both men shoved themselves further back into the hedge. Betsy had blown out the lamp. She had come out, and was locking the door after her. Her hand was on the gate. In this, his first experience of tactics, Jim's veins swelled and throbbed excitedly on his forehead.

Betsy came through the gate.

There were holly bushes all along the lane at intervals. In the dim, soft light Constable Green and Jim made very presentable holly bushes.

"The coast is clear."

Betsy's faint whisper was wafted on the breeze. A moth fluttered against Jim's cheek at the same moment. He jumped violently. It was as if the whisper had given him a nudge; but the real nudge came in his ribs, and was levelled by his uncle's elbow. It almost seemed as if Betsy was looking straight into the hedge at the crouching figures. But apparently she was only getting accustomed to the darkness, for she muttered, "Black as ink," and then set off.

The holly bushes kept behind her, well in the shelter of the hedge. For a while all was simple enough; but suddenly the moon rode out from behind a cloud, and fixed her attention upon every detail in the lane. Betsy was stimulated by her beauty, and stood still to admire her. She admired her loudly to her face; then suddenly she turned to look at the stars (which follow in the train of the lady moon) behind her.

A little gust of wind appeared to have disturbed the hedge, and somewhere near a cow seemed to be breathing in heavy slumber.

Betsy went on again. Apparently she had no very decided end in view, for often she stopped, as if debating within herself as to her next move. Once she scrambled through a gap in the hedge and walked somewhat aimlessly across a very broad field. It was almost as clear as daylight just then, and her figure stood out conspicuously as she moved.

Constable Green and Jim were forced to take their unobtrusive way alongside the hedge, which was just about as far

again as the distance straight across the field, and they had to hurry in consequence. But just as they had arrived at the other side and thought themselves close upon their game—muddled up to their hilts and sweating profusely—Betsy seemed suddenly to change her mind and to have realised that she had not intended to come there at all, but had pressing duties elsewhere. She recrossed the field at a brisk pace, bent on business.

Then, judging himself to be out of earshot, Constable Green let loose some fiery remarks, in which he permitted the rancour of his feelings to play disparagingly about the ears of his nephew, as is the way of bullies. Jim held his tongue, plodding doggedly over the heavy land.

When they had scrambled out into the lane Betsy was far ahead. They ran after her for a cloud's breadth, gaining slowly upon her and slipping sideways over the ground close to the hedge like two awkward crabs.

But a little recreation was at hand. Betsy mounted upon the top of a gate and took a rest.

In the stilly silence the chimes of the Hall clock struck eleven in the distance. The beauty of the night was very inspiring. She rocketed to and fro upon her perch with her face turned up to the sky; and two substantial and elongated shadows pressed close up against the naked bank (for the lane at this point was unadorned by a bush of any kind) and jumped violently as Betsy's stringent tones broke upon the air.

She was evidently unfettered by the mere prose of daylight, and filled with the poetry of night. Even Constable Green—who was the most prosaic of men—realised that she was not quoting:

Moon in the sky,
Like a pig in its sty,
With the stars for a tail,
Like the splash from a pail,
And the clouds like the skins
Of pertatery things—
How I long to be there.
Where?
Up by *you*, me dear!

But the words would not adapt themselves to any tune, though Betsy tried several; and at last she set the child of her brain aside in favour of her favourite hymn, into which she introduced sundry new and interesting runs and ornamental turns, so intricate that they needed the most careful practice. Finally, she fell off the gate, like a ripe plum, and went on her way.

The shadows pressed as swiftly after her as their stiffened limbs would permit. There was dew on the grass—cold dew. There might almost have been a little touch of frost in the air, as there often is at the full of the moon. At any rate, it seemed to them that they must get warm somehow, and trusting to the shadows of the bushes—which had again begun to intersect the lane—they walked with some boldness, hoping that the grass by the wayside might deaden the sound of their footfalls. But suddenly—just at the very and only moment that they seemed to be off their guard—Betsy turned quickly round and began to re-trace her steps.

At this juncture Jim would have proved himself a broken reed indeed, had he been acting on his own behalf; but Constable Green had not been in the Force for many years without learning to act swiftly in an emergency. He fell upon his nephew, tumbling him into the deepest and darkest spot at hand, and pressed himself closely in upon the top of him.

A stiff rustling in the hedge followed this manoeuvre. Betsy might or she might not hear it; to the constable and his nephew alone did it fall to feel it.

"I made sure I did drop it," said Betsy, aloud. She was searching in the grass closer and closer. And closer and closer Constable Green pressed in upon his nephew, and the little rustling, pointed holly leaves seemed to catch the moonlight, like silent laughter upon their shining surfaces.

"Well, I must come again and hev another hunt some other time," said Betsy to the grass. Then she straightened herself. "I'll hev a good look at this here blooming ol' holly bush first," she said, "then, yer see, I shan't forget exactly where he were. Eh, how comical things do look in the dark!"

She studied the bush and its surroundings carefully for some moments—moments of double agony—for the cloud that was passing across the moon might at any instant trail its length away, and then what strange sight might not that holly reveal! But, just as a pale glimmer of light was breaking from behind the cloud, Betsy turned away and resumed her walk. Neither did she turn and look behind her again. She was evidently heading for the common, going to the very scene of her last raid. Only the satisfaction and glory of catching her at her unlawful work could in any way compensate for the smart of those two poor bodies following her so warily.

The dark line of the plantation loomed in sight.

"Last time she set 'em on the bank under the fence," Constable Green vouchsafed, in a husky whisper. But Betsy passed the spot unconcernedly.

Then she was at her old trick again, for suddenly she turned. But even to young Jim was it now given to convert himself swiftly into a gorse bush, but he was not so unlucky as the constable, who dropped upon a cruel spike of wood.

An old sheep-shelter stood up black and clear against the sky. Betsy bestowed a passing glance upon it, but not until she reached a little pond, lying in a dip of the land, did she stop. Then she regarded the shining water for some moments, keeping strangely silent. It was not a very deep pond, but *supposing!* Visions of another order of glory flashed into young Jim's head. If it had not been for the constable! The constable was always in the way!

She was loosening her shawl. Poor soul!—after all, was it not very pathetic? Such a lonely, lonely old woman, and nobody had troubled to be in the least kind to her of late! The hot blood rushed to the young man's face. He had always known that his uncle was a hard and unsympathetic man! He would speak, and beg him to intervene before—

Suddenly Betsy's shrill voice rang out, frightening him so terribly that beads of clammy sweat poured out upon him: "In this here place—in this h'awful place, where I brought meself ter shame, and caused meself to be a byword in the country-side, I renounce me evil ways; and all that is therein!"

There were five successive disturbances of the water, and then Betsy raised her hand on high. "Snares o' the evil one, Betsy Blythe has done wi' 'ee for ever!"

Then slowly she turned and retraced her steps through the gorse and heather, past the sheep-shelter and the shadowy bank under the plantation and so home.

The shades of evil doings followed her no longer; but when she had quite gone Constable Green got up from his squatting position and began to trudge homewards silently.

But young Jim's nerves had been cruelly overwrought, and he spoke to his superior as he had never before done in the whole of his life. "My face and my head is a thousand stabs!" he cried; "I'm pouring with blood all over—hands and all. I'm bound to have arreys plus after this, and I asks you—what'll Kate say when she sees me like this?—'tis all your blooming fault!"

The thought of meeting his lady-love on Sunday was the finishing touch to his feelings.

At this bitter accusation Constable Green roused himself from his apathy. "Well, I'm scratched and pricked all over, too!" he said, with smouldering wrath. "You'd best mind what you're about *un-*less you wants me to make it a bit disagreeable for you."

Then they walked in dead silence—the one behind the other—all the way home.

Betsy arrived at her cottage tired, but very contented. The night's work had been an effort certainly; but it had been eminently successful. She had quite ten minutes' laugh from the middle of her four-poster before slumber claimed her for its own.

INDIAN SNAKE-CATCHERS.

IT seems to be generally accepted nowadays that all Indian snake-catchers are complete frauds, and that the snakes caught are tame ones taught to come to the call of the pipe. My own ideas coincided with these views until the beginning of May, 1900, when I saw a native at Rawal Pindi capture a snake under circumstances which made fraud exceedingly improbable. I was living at the time with a brother officer, V. A., in the bungalow known as 151, Mackon Road. Walking down the drive one evening we distinctly heard the hiss of a snake in the privet hedge at the side. As we had several dogs, we were very much afraid of their getting bitten, the more so as V. A. had a few days before seen a Russell's viper go into a hole under this very hedge. The chowkiedar confirmed this, saying that he had often seen snakes at night, and that there were two Russell's vipers which lived in the hedge. Under the circumstances we thought we would try what a local snake-catcher could effect. The man in question lived outside Pindi in the country, and we sent for him two days later. The servants one and all ridiculed the idea of snake-charming, and said that these men were invariably cheats who brought snakes and let them loose in the compound the night before. The snake-catcher, unfortunately, arrived while we were away on parade, and we got back to find the man in the centre of a group of excited servants, whose incredulity had been replaced by awe and conviction. The man had caught a large Russell's viper and a small green snake. The saises had often told us that a green snake lived in a hole in the mud wall of the stable, and the snake-catcher had managed to persuade the reptile to put its head out, when he deftly caught it between his finger and thumb. It was, however, the capture of the dreaded viper, not the harmless little green fellow, which had caused the excitement. I was most anxious to see a repetition of such an exciting scene, and impressed upon the man the immediate necessity of catching another snake. The snake-catcher was a very odd-looking creature, a Hindu of some kind, but of very unusual appearance. He wore a sulphur-coloured loin cloth, and an odd cape of the same hue, made like a poncho, with a hole in the middle to put his head through. I was particularly struck by his wild, rather foolish-looking face and the mild, absent expression of his eyes. No creature could have been more unlike the ordinary snake-charmer, such as one meets in the United Provinces or Central India. This snake-catcher had one of the usual native pipes, and seated himself on the ground in front of the hedge, in which we felt sure there was

still another viper. He had divested himself of his upper cloth and was naked save for the smaller one round his loins. The large cloth he kept in a bunch on the ground close at hand. At first all attempts proved vain and no snake made its appearance. In the end, when he was sitting 3yds. or 4yds. away from a likely-looking network of holes under the privet hedge and playing on his pipe, a large Russell's viper suddenly emerged, and without any warning rushed across the intervening open space straight at the man, with its mouth wide open and evidently furiously angry. The snake-catcher picked up his

cloth and held it out like a shield; the viper struck viciously at it two or three times, and then the man, suddenly grasping the snake by the end of its tail, slid his other hand up, and in a moment had it held tight just behind the jaws. He then took a bit of stick, and, forcing the mouth open, showed us the great poison fangs. The fierce onslaught of this snake certainly indicated that music had anything but a soothing effect on it, nor was there anything about its conduct to make one suspect that it was a tame reptile anxious to get back to its master.

P. L. B.

WIMBLEDON COMMON.

MUCH of the charm of Wimbledon Common lies in its apparent remoteness from the crowded neighbourhood of South London, whose tide of humanity is surging but a few moments distant from the free open space; and, again, there is a subtle influence in the atmospheric moods that, apart from the changing seasons, here present themselves so vividly in a setting ever delightful and new. A thousand touches go towards completing the picture, whether seen in the brown grass stalks, top-heavy with ripened seed, rippling like sheets of burnished copper beneath the summer wind, or in the purple of ling and heather softly staining the rough ground, or in the golden mantle of the gorse thrown afresh over the old bushes, of which the distorted stems and black thickets proclaim their long-held tenancy of the land. Turn to right or left at any spot along Robin Hood Road, and in a moment some nook of wild beauty hidden among the oak and birches may be discovered. Near the top of the hill, where the road is steepest, Farm Ravine splits the down abruptly; beds of rich moss pad the cleft sides and cunningly hide the bog on which great reedy tussocks give precarious foothold. When the purple orchis is in flower fringes of white cotton-grass daintily veil the ground, and the red-tipped sundew hides itself down in the hollow near the spring.

If more of the threads of the earlier history of the common could be gathered, the weaving of the tapestry would centre largely around the romantic lane that runs along the outer edge of the ravine. Just inside a barbed fence rises the escarpment of one of the oldest fortifications in England. It was formerly called Bensbury Camp, but is now known by the name of the Roman invader with whom British youth still has many struggles in his earlier schooldays. Briton, Roman, Dane and Saxon have all been credited with having raised the earthwork; but its form and position on the hilltop seem to indicate the earliest inhabitants of the

country as its original builders. Lately shorn of the tangled undergrowth in the making of new links by the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club, the work now stands out boldly and bears an air of trimness it has not known for centuries. On the further side a wide view, to which the steep slopes of White Down and Box Hill set a distant limit, opens out over woods and valleys. Hidden from sight, the winding Mole creeps lazily through the vale, and when the white steam clouds trailing from hurrying trains float between the poplar spires to fall softly on hedge and hillside, the direction of the railway is marked for many a mile. The

beautiful lane passes for a time beneath enchanting bowers of oak and birch, its banks a wilderness of bramble and yellowing bracken, under which scarlet fungi cluster in the damp mould and gleam like living coal; then the path opens to the down, showing columns of thin blue smoke rising indolently through the dense and varied leafage of Coombe Wood on the other side of the valley, through which Beverly Brook winds its slow journey to the Thames. Broad glades sweep on the right towards Robin Hood Road, and the sombre needles that crown the firs encircling Caesar's Well make a bold intrusion against the sky.

The jet of clear icy water that bubbles unceasingly from a natural spring is one of the most frequented spots on the common, and like the camp has borne different names—Robin Hood Well, the Roman Well and now Caesar's Well. The hillside in the immediate vicinity is fissured by one of the heavy characteristic bogs. Apparently nothing was done to protect the well until 1829, when it was enclosed with a brick wall. In the early sixties "the old well with its irregular, broken brick lip, in harmony with its surroundings," helped to form a picture of striking beauty, but all the natural growth of wild rose, willow, woodbine and oak that grew around the spot was uprooted when in 1872 the firs were planted, and the heavy granite blocks with the name of the last restorer cut



THE HAPPY WOODS.

deeply into them laid around the shallow pool. Now the water spouts from an iron pipe into a stone trough, by which children are always playing on fine days; while on Bank Holidays crowds of thirsty trippers clamorously await their turn to get a refreshing drink.

When all is deserted and the evening mists creep along the ground, it is easy to imagine the wraiths of the former occupants

and slowly above Stag Bog away into the gloaming towards Copse Hill.

The birds on the common are a continual joy. The year's first wandering call, "Cuckoo, cuckoo," and again and again "cuckoo," seized me with a desire to see the caller; and I followed whither it went through the broad turf-green glades in the valley. Scarlet oak-apples here and there made startling



"ALL SILVER GREEN WITH GNARLED BARK."

of the camp stealing from the land of shadows to gather at the spring whose water flowed for them through the unrecorded ages as unceasingly as it does for us to-day. One evening in early October, as the phantoms drifted to their rendezvous, three herons sailed through the golden after-glow from the direction of Richmond Park, and with the measured rhythm of their heavy wings passed silently

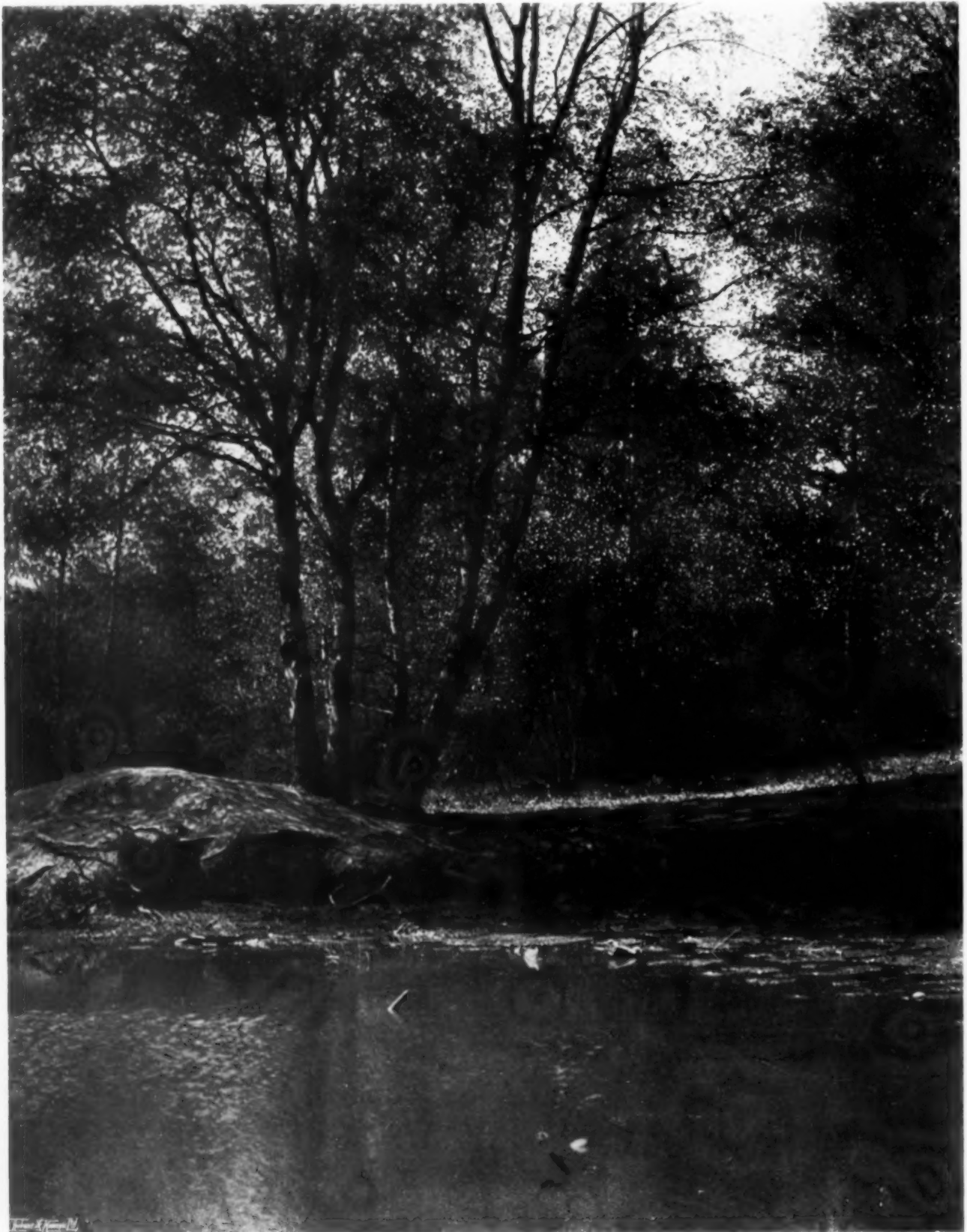
splashes of colour in the tender, transparent leafage; opening bluebells trembled among the strong young crooks of bracken; and the mystery wrought by the interlacing limbs and waving branches that darkened the romantic groves and thickets almost held me by its spell to abandon my quest of the fitful voice. Presently by Beverly Brook, where it steals peacefully over its sandy bed beneath ancient thorns, then white with May-flower

and festooned with the heart-shaped leaves of the wild convolvulus, the inconsequent bird came in view : he was flitting from branch to branch of an elm, watched suspiciously by a pair of robins.

Returning to rest near one of the solitary birch trees on the heath, where a soft wind feathered the delicate boughs and ceased the changing shadows that sped over Coombe Wood, I was

feet. Two dull greenish eggs and two clumsy nestlings lay in the cleverly hidden nest. The mother returned as I withdrew, sometimes taking cover in the heather, and then by short, indirect flights cunningly lessening the distance between her and her nursery.

The sound of rumbling traffic, the blare and rush of motors, and at times the more cheery notes of the post-horn, draw one



"WITH NATURE'S BEAUTY DREST."

listening to the songs of the countless larks quivering in the heavens and the oft-repeated solo of a thrush from a thicket, when a plaintive pipe at intervals of a few seconds from a furze bush near my seat among the ferns aroused my curiosity. Without moving I tried to discover the spot watched by the distressed sentry. Gradually his note sounded at longer periods, but when I rose a lark fluttered noisily almost from beneath my

from the less-frequented paths to the highway across the common. The road over the wild heath and open woodland, past scenes unspoilt by the builder, and over ground innocent of the plough, presents to the traveller a short stretch of typical English moorland which is preserved to us for all time. Here a continually changing procession of figures who have travelled long since to eternity mix strangely in the mind with

the life of to-day. The Saxon king passing to his sacring at Kingston; Wolsey followed by a retinue of a thousand to his splendid palace at Hampton Court, which he later presented to the King; then most of our Royal personages in gorgeous pageantry—all have gone along this road. In the early days of the last century, when highway robbery had become dignified in the popular mind almost to a legitimate profession, the gentlemen of the road pursued their calling from the sylvan retreats of Putney Heath and Wimbledon Common with no small measure of success. The black gibbet was a distinctive landmark on this lonely part of the famous Portsmouth Road; its grim tenant, all his mischief done, his last great debt paid, was often brought many miles from the place of execution to serve as a warning in this notorious haunt of the footpad, robber and other evilly disposed person.

Wandering around the large pond known as Queen's Mere, in the hollow under the Windmill, one can easily understand how the spot became a favourite resort of duellists. Situated far from the main road and completely hidden from casual passers across the common by a thick belt of trees, the ground offered all the advantages of seclusion and freedom from interruption desired by those eager to decide their quarrels with sword or pistol. Many did not even seek the shelter of the wood, but fought on the high open ground above immediately around the Windmill. It was here that the last duel in the history of the common was fought in 1840 between the Earl of Cardigan and Captain Tuckett; but on the Sunday afternoon in May, 1798, when William Pitt, the Prime Minister, in whose hands were many of the threads of our national destiny in those troubled times, drove down from London to meet Mr. Tierney, M.P., he went no further than Putney Heath, which forms with the common one continuous open space divided by the Portsmouth Road. In the dell not many paces from the main road, now overlooked by the house of Colonel Mayhew, shots were exchanged between the Premier and the aggrieved Member for Southwark, whose forcible and persistent criticism of the Minister's financial measures had drawn on him in the course of a debate on the Navy Bill in the House of Commons a charge of wanting to obstruct the defence of the country. Just above the firing-place hung in a gibbet the body of the notorious highwayman Jerry Abershaw, of whom some embittered critics had said, "Jerry took purses with his pistols and Pitt with his Parliaments." It must have been a curious scene. Amid the crowd of onlookers that collected on the slope while Dudley Rider, afterwards the first Earl of Harrowby, and General Walpole were completing the preliminaries was a dignified-looking man on a panting horse, who, while evidently anxious to avoid recognition, showed great concern as to the result of the meeting. This was the Speaker of the House of Commons, and none felt more relieved than he when, after two ineffectual exchanges, the seconds joined in insisting that there should be no more firing.

The open expanse that lies at the top of Wimbledon Hill has for centuries been used for military training and reviews. There are records of inspections here by Elizabeth, Charles II. and the Georges; and many still serving in the ranks of our Territorials took part in the memorable march past before the Emperor William of Germany in 1891. On Saturday afternoons during the spring and early summer months, one or other of the London or Surrey corps can generally be seen skirmishing, practising the attack, being exercised in outpost duties or doing an ordinary battalion drill; while during the week the common is frequently occupied in the mornings by small parties of the Guards. Both cavalry and infantry find it a useful exercising ground.

The rifle-ranges have disappeared; the increased power of the modern small-arm demands a wider field of fire than the common affords. Some traces of the old butts here and there remain; but to the many thousand Volunteers who have spent many enjoyable afternoons there in rifle practice, the most striking memento of the past is the lofty flagstaff that stood behind the firing-points. Presented to the London Scottish Volunteers by the Canadians, who had been their guests at the annual competitions of the National Rifle Association, it was transferred to the conservators when the association, driven further afield, acquired their ranges at Bisley. One condition was exacted—that the flag of Scotland's patron saint should fly from the masthead on each St. Andrew's Day.

The common holds some satisfying charm, some special nooks for those who know it well. Here Borrow wandered to recall the ancient rings where his beloved gipsies made their



"THE LIGHT SEA OF LEAF AND BOUGH."

encampments; Leigh Hunt returned again and again to feast his eyes on the stretch of gorse, which was really extensive in his day and, in his own words, "a veritable field of cloth of gold." Some feel the compelling power in the days of early spring, when bare twigs of willow are feathered with dainty bloom and the bumble-bees around the bushes powder their glossy black and gold with the fine pollen. To the child it comes in his play as he rolls from crown to base of the grassy knolls and springs up breathless with laughter and the rolling to start the game again. In "the never-never" of Australia a man was telling at dinner one evening of a certain holly bush and its scarlet berries growing in a dell near Queen's Mere. "There are coal-tits and blue tits in the birches around, hundreds of them"—a gleam of moisture brightened his eyes as he went on—"and I would give all I am worth to get the damp smell of the rotting leaves and hear the little beggars piping again."

MURRAY EYRE.



DESPITE its full Palladian style, Holme Lacy is not built on a Palladian plan. It has not the cubical character, never less than two rooms thick, which Inigo Jones introduced, and which prevailed with his successors. The

general arrangement in post-Restoration houses was to enter a great hall, occupying the centre of one elevation, and then pass to a saloon of somewhat equal size which occupied the centre of the other elevation. Such is the case at Blenheim,

so recently described in these pages. But Holme Lacy, except in the pavilioned blocks which end its wings, is only one room thick, with the addition of a wide corridor connecting the entrance on the north with the drawing-room on the south side, and passing behind the saloon, which faces eastward. This disposition, no doubt, arises from a large part of the foundations and even of the walling of the Henry VIII. house having been preserved at the rebuilding in Charles II.'s time. Indeed, part of the original structure, which will have taken the form of narrow buildings running round a quadrangle, was retained as offices; and in Robinson's "Mansions of Herefordshire" this part is illustrated as it still stood in 1830. The old quadrangle was entered from the west, and very likely a great hall, open to the roof, faced it on the opposite side of the court. It may now be represented in position and structure by the saloon which rises the whole height of the house, its lofty walls being surmounted by a deeply-coved ceiling of the richest plaster-work. It occupies the centre of the east elevation, and is lit by the tall lower windows only, the three upper ones under the pediment being behind the cove of the ceiling. The cove is ornamented with shields and crests set amid wreaths of oak and bay leaves. All the branches of the Herefordshire Scudamores bore "three stirrups leathered and buckled," and these appear at the opposite end to that represented in the illustration, where we find a representation of the "Cross Patee, Fitchee, Or" which is called "Scudamore Ancient" in old books, where we read that their name was derived from their bearing "the shield of divine Love," and that this was probably given them "upon some Gallant Action done by them in Defence of the Christian Faith." That was by no means Edmund Spenser's reading of the name or painting of the shield. With him Love takes bodily form and the Sir Scudamour of the "Faëry Queene" was recognised

by that he bore
The God of Love with wings displayed
wide.

After the death of his last male descendant we are "credibly informed that among the late Lord Scudamore's old furniture was found a shield with the very device here mentioned by Spenser." This conception is not, however, rendered in wood



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WOOD CHANDELIER IN DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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DRAWING ROOM: EAST END.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

or plaster amid the Holme Lacy decorations, whereas the cross of "Scudamore Ancient" may be seen in the ceilings of both the saloon and the dining-room and also in the pediment of the south front. There it appears on a great wooden cartouche which used to be flanked by boldly carved flower and fruit swags of great size. One of them was at the Franco-British Exhibition last year and the other, now hanging on the staircase, was among last week's illustrations. In the pediment over the saloon windows the Scudamore stirrups may be seen impaling the arms of Cecil, and the same shield appears in the saloon over the elaborate carving of the mantel. This work, in the full Grinling

Frances, daughter of the fourth Earl of Exeter. There is a tradition—arising, no doubt, from the pavilion-like character of the wings, which reminds one of the Duke of Montagu's work at Boughton—that the first Viscount designed the house from French models after his embassy to that country. If so, the idea of drawing would have been laid aside during the Civil War and Commonwealth period, and it is very doubtful whether the rebuilding was begun in his lifetime. His son James died in 1668, leaving a lad, who came of age and succeeded his grandfather three years later. He may have found the work in progress, or the whole scheme may have been the



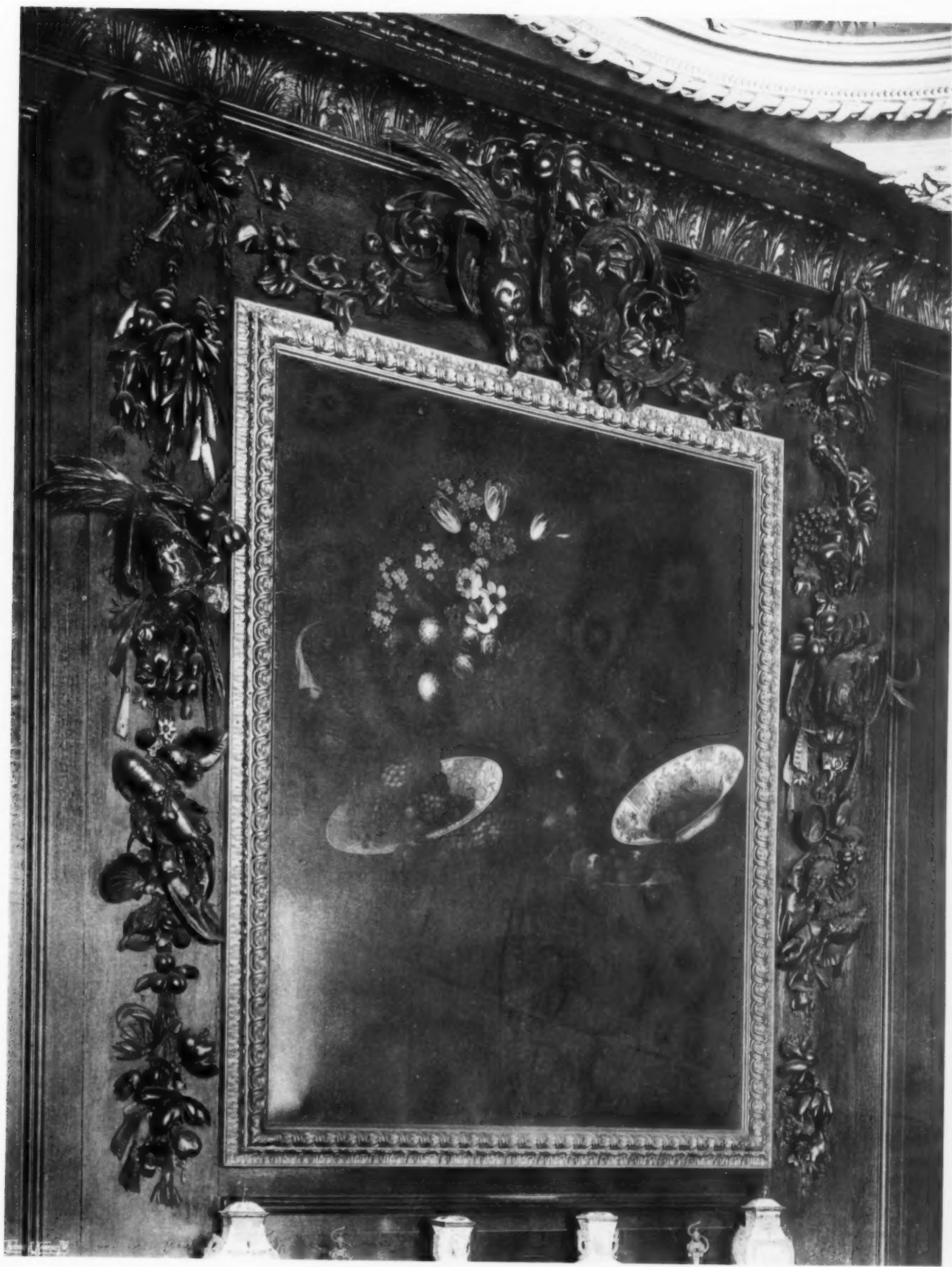
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DRAWING-ROOM: WEST END.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Gibbons character, is carved in white wood and gilt and placed on a background of the same material now, but probably not originally, painted in imitation of oak. An eagle with outstretched wings and holding a sprig of oak in his beak occupies the central place as being emblematic of Charles II.'s restoration. Below is an intricately twined monogram, surmounted by a viscount's coronet. The same device, rather more legibly arranged, is repeated in the panel below the portrait. The letters V. and S. no doubt stand for Viscount Scudamore, while J. and F. remind us that John Scudamore succeeded his grandfather, the first lord, in 1671, and twelve months later married

outcome of his youthful energy and desire to follow the fashion of his generation, which loved to pull down the homes of its ancestors and replace them by buildings in the style of the day. The coupling of his wife's initial with his own on the saloon overmantel suggests that the last touches had been given some considerable time before 1694, for in that year the lady died, and at some moment before that we learn from a contemporary letter that she was "the impudentest of woman," and had eloped with "a Mr. Coningsby." The candelabrum in the saloon is worth notice. Its fellow hangs in the dining-room,



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IN THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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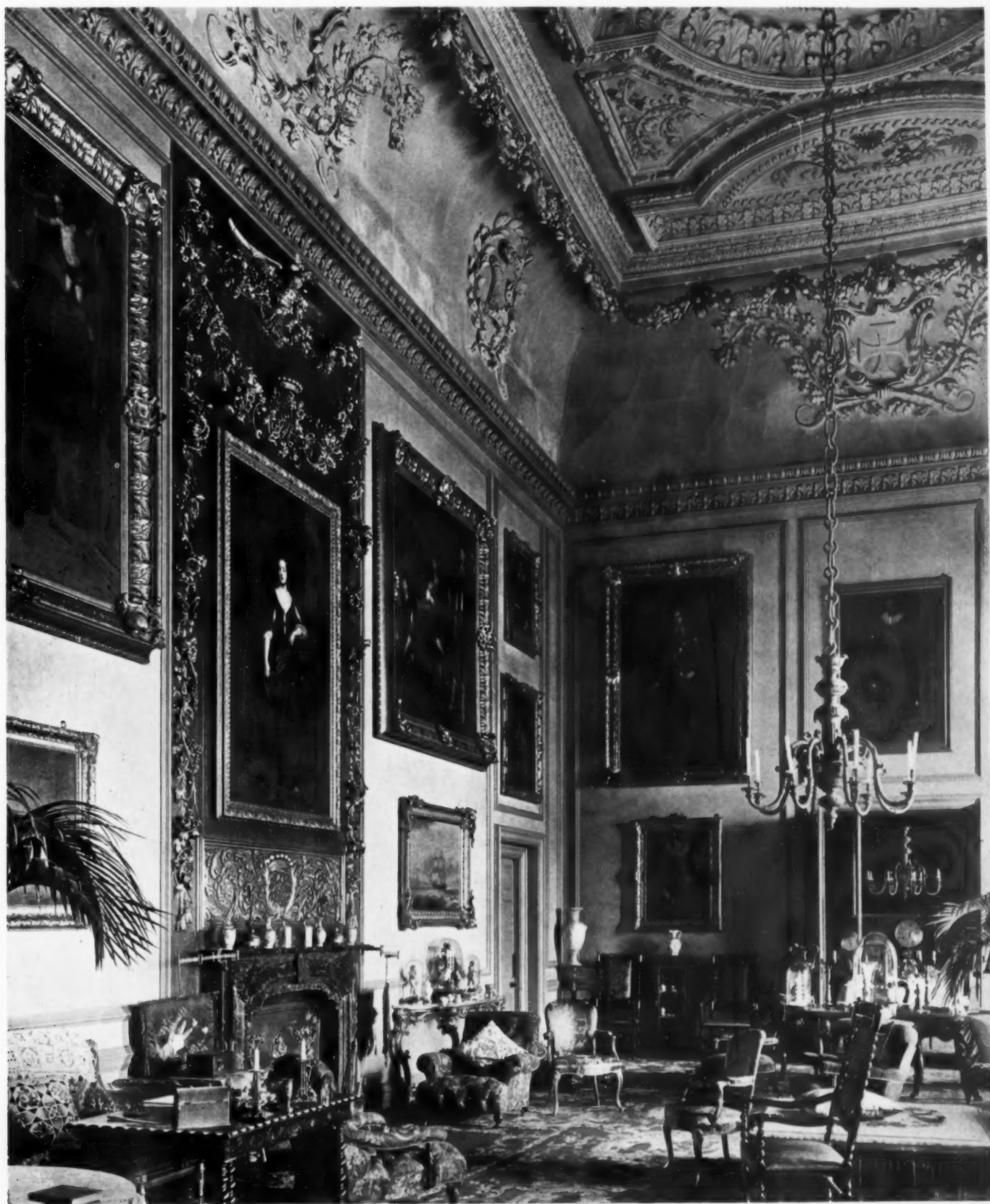
OVER-MANTEL IN SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and a detailed figure of it is given. They are of wood gilt, and they closely resemble a pair once in Kensington Palace, and of which one is now at Brympton. The Holme Lacy pair are the finer of the two, the carving is more finished and the branches are more elegant. The masks above which the branches spring are very delicately carved and are wholly absent in the Brympton example. In both cases, however, the acanthus is freely used, and both have the rather queer member like a curtain valance, ending at Holme Lacy in little drops, but at Brympton in tassels carved in the wood. The Holme Lacy dining-room is wainscoted in oak, the panels being of enormous size, measuring, indeed, some 10 ft. across and offering a fine background for large portraits. They are surmounted by a cornice, whereof the main member is carved with acanthus leafage. Immediately above the wooden cornice comes the plaster-work ceiling. Except the saloon, the Holme Lacy rooms are not very lofty, so that the ceilings, a whole series of which presents the extreme richness which characterised the age of Wren, are, if anything, a little too near the spectator. This, however, reveals the great finish and dexterity of the craftsmanship. In the dining-room, Scudamore shields surmounted by the coronet and flanked with palm leaves occupy semi-circles in the broad border, of which the corner panels are perfect gardens of leaf and bloom. The central arrangement of panels is simple and flat, but is surrounded by a large rib, whose deeply-coved sides are filled with wreathed and ribboned swags of flower and fruit. This device has been much used in the house, and in the saloon the great height has permitted the plasterer, without any resulting heaviness and exaggeration, to let his swags hang freely down suspended by knots from the bottom member of the cornice that surrounds the central part of the ceiling beyond which the great cove commences. The same freely-hanging swag will also be found in the boudoir upstairs; but as that is a room neither high nor large it is confined to the corners, and is not overwhelming. In the ante-room, which opens out of the opposite end of the saloon from the dining-room, the swag is used, as in the dining-room, attached to the deep member of the ribbing which encloses the centre of the ceiling in an octagon—a charming arrangement and perhaps the most successful at Holme Lacy. Yet the ceilings on the south side of the house are also very excellent, and worthy of study and comparison. Here two rooms have recently been thrown into one to make a long drawing-room, divided by pillars. Beyond removing the division and re-decorating the walls, which had not got the original panelling, no change has been made; the wood and plaster-work are left intact. The carvings of the two overmantels—one at each end—and also of that in the dining-room are admirably rendered in the accompanying illustrations. They may be compared with the Petworth carvings shown in *COUNTRY LIFE* eighteen months ago. At Petworth Grinling Gibbons laid himself out to exhibit the very culmination of his art and of his skill. There is nothing at Holme Lacy as surprising as the carved vase, "worthy the Greek age of Cameos," or as absolutely imitative of Nature as the baskets filled with cut blooms, or as anatomically perfect as the trumpeting amorini. But fish, fowl and flower are represented with

equal perfection of craftsmanship, while as a decorative effort, as a piece of pure and thoughtful design—apart from a technique which is apt to astound more than it delights—Grinling Gibbons never did anything better than the delightful wreathing of fruit, shells and flowers held up by rings and twined with delicate stalks and leafage which surrounds the exquisitely-framed decorative picture at the east end of the drawing-

portray, and some of the groups and clusters have a projection of almost a foot from the background. In the study and in the yellow drawing-room, however, the overmantels are of a different and much simpler type, folded drapery being taken as the basis of the composition. The central object, however, in the example in the study, is again an eagle with outstretched wings. It holds a wreath in its beak instead of an oak sprig as in the saloon and



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THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

room. The carvings are, as usual with Gibbons, made of a soft, white wood—lime or sycamore—and have been at one time much worm-eaten. Yet they are now very complete and in a good state of preservation. Despite their fully disciplined subjection to a decorative scheme, they offer entirely lifelike presentments of the natural objects they

as over the central panel at Petworth. The study lies west of the long drawing-room, the east end of which gives access to a very interesting apartment occupying the south-east pavilion. Of this suite the little yellow drawing-room, with its fine mantelpiece and its elaborate ceiling, forms one room, while the other is a painted room. All the lower part and the chimney present a

good example of the imitation of marbles so much in vogue in the seventeenth century, while above this scenes and figures are depicted on the walls and ceiling. The whole of this room is in its original state and therefore of considerable interest, as showing one of the decorative methods of the age very distinct from that adopted in most of the Holme Lacy rooms. They are thoroughly typical of the style of Wren and Gibbons, though it does not transpire what architect and decorative artists were employed. The house is rendered all the more valuable as representative of its age in that not only do the gardens, buildings and decorations show little subsequent alteration, but also the rooms contain a great deal

Hampton Court and Boughton House, while the bed is of the finest type of the age. It is a splendid example of the fully-upholstered bed, where, on an elaborately moulded and carved frame of white wood, a damask or velvet is glued. We find such at Hardwick, Boughton, Glenham and Rushbrook; but the one most akin to the Holme Lacy specimen is at Hampton Court and is known as William III.'s. The difference in the appearance of the two is due to the fact that the one has been much renovated, while the other is untouched. The Hampton Court bed has lost its curtains—fragments of them are tied to the posts—and the covering is much decayed at the

base, though the whole of the elaborate tester remains in fair condition. At Holme Lacy the bed was until recently in worse condition. It had for long been taken to pieces and stowed away. The portions were sent to Messrs. Morant, who had the crimson damask with which it was covered reproduced, and the curtains and lower part are composed of the reproduction, the tester still almost entirely retaining the original covering. The work was done with all the care and fidelity for which Messrs. Morant are celebrated, and therefore the bed now once again has almost exactly the appearance which both it and its fellow possessed two centuries ago. The great wooden cornice of the tester presents a most involved contour, rising up and projecting at the corners and centres. The projections are supported by scrolled corbels, while the corners terminate in scallop shells. The whole of this woodwork is covered with the crimson damask, while the valance of the same material is edged with a rich silk fringe. There is no fringe on the similar specimens at Hampton Court and Hardwick, where the valances terminate in a braid or galon, which at Holme Lacy is used to form patterns and panels sewn on to the damask. The interior of the tester is domed and the mouldings resemble the cornice in character. The construction of the back of the bed is shown in a separate illustration. Its damask and galon-covered scrolls and cornices are even more eccentric and involved than those of the tester, and the viscount's coronet forms the central ornament. Three pillars similarly treated rise up to meet and support the tester, and are connected with plain panels of the damask. The bed will have been made about 1690, and the bed stools at the foot, similar to many at Hampton Court, are of the same period, while the chairs with simple cabriole legs and stuffed seat and back may be a score of years later. They are covered with fine old cross-stitch work, the stitches of the panels, which represent scenes with gods and goddesses, being much finer than those used on the rest of the canvas. Over the windows of the room there are great cornices and valances of the same design as the bed tester, covered with the same damask, and the curtains match. Between the windows stands a gilt and marble-topped dressing-table, and the gilt looking-glass upon it has the scallop shell as its principal ornament in unison with the bed. This motif was little used by architects and furniture designers until the close of the Charles II. period. After that it meets one at every turn and on every object. Vanbrugh at



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THE HEAD OR BACK OF THE STATE BED. "COUNTRY LIFE."

of furniture of the Charles II. and Queen Anne type. The whole place therefore speaks eloquently of the later Scudamores. It is still their inherited home such as they transformed and refurnished it. There is in the saloon a fine suite of gilt chairs with serpentine stretchers ending in finials. We are reminded of the sets at Hornby Castle, of which the finest have the ducal coronet which Thomas Osborne gained in 1694, which is about the period of the completion of Holme Lacy. Some of the most interesting of its furniture is now gathered together in the State bed-chamber, which is over the dining-room. Here again we find serpentine stretchers to stools and tables, such as are so frequent at

Blenheim and Kent at Houghton not only scattered it profusely, but swelled it to mammoth size. At the time that Holme Lacy was built and furnished it was only coming into vogue, and was used with reserve. But we find it not only in the State bed-chamber, but in the drawing-room, where the plasterer placed it at the corners of his ceiling cove and where there hang on the walls two looking-glasses, which, like that on the dressing-table upstairs, use it of large size at the apex of their frames. This pair of glasses are gilt and, though narrow, are of great height, some 8ft. certainly. Glass could not then be produced of anything like that size, and three sheets of



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IN THE STATE BED-ROOM.

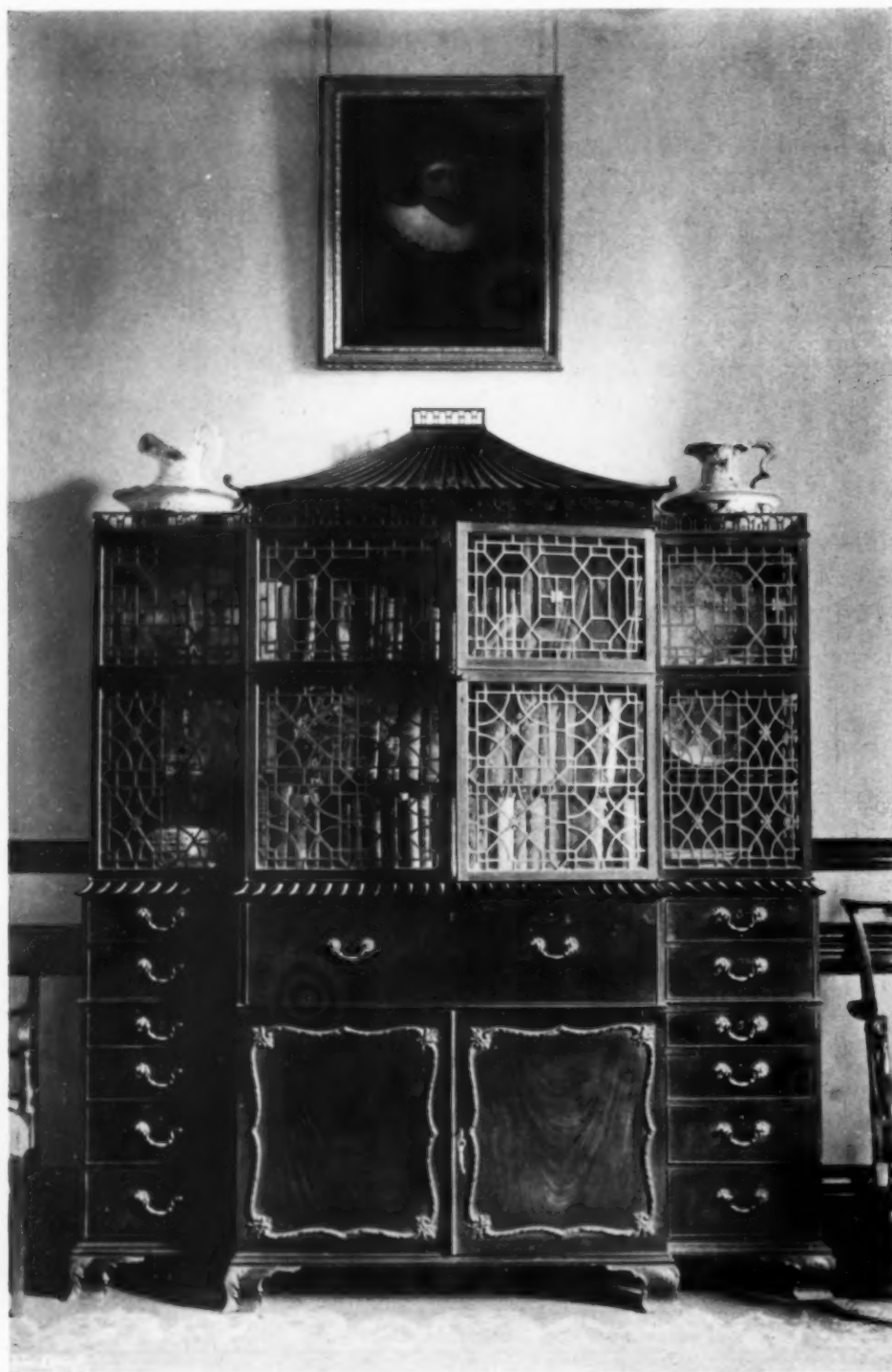
"COUNTRY LIFE."

it are enjoyed to make up the required extent. Several other interesting looking-glasses of the William III. and Queen Anne periods are to be found in the bed-chamber and drawing-room. Of some the frames are lacquered, in others inlaid with marqueterie. The latter room has fine examples of the kind of marqueterie called "seaweed," not only in looking-glass frames, but in tables. The Dutch type of marqueterie, that used birds and flowers in realistic fashion and in many colours, became fashionable in England under Charles II. and continued under William III. But as the latter reign progressed the colouring became subdued and the treatment decorative rather than naturalistic. When the seventeenth century closed a type that used a single

cider. Matthew Gibson became rector of Abbey Dore, and he wrote memoirs of the family, and especially of the first Viscount and his religious benefactions. This appointment, however, was made by the third lord through his wife's suggestion, and she seems to have been the moving spirit at Holme Lacy and the friend of the literary lights of Queen Anne's golden age. She was a daughter of the fourth Lord Digby, and the Digby family were favourites with Pope. The marriage took place in 1710, and five years later we find Jervas, the painter, writing to the poet: "Lady Scudamore asks how and what you do, being much concerned we had not a few breakfasts in her closet before you left us." The next year her ladyship's married life came to a sad conclusion.

Her husband got a fall from his horse in riding hastily to Hereford about some electioneering business—he represented his county in Parliament—and he never recovered from the accident. With his death in December, 1716, the male line of Scudamore of Holme Lacy died out. He left an only daughter four years old whom her mother brought up amid literary influences, for she appears to have often resided both in London and at Twickenham. But she also spent much time in the country, both at Holme Lacy and with her own people, and in 1718 Pope writes to his frequent correspondent, Robert Digby, chaffingly suggesting that she had returned imbued with an Arcadian naturalness and simplicity very contrary to the artificial habits of town ladies. "She pretends to open her eyes for the sake of seeing the sun and to sleep because it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning and is thought to have said her prayers before." She died in May, 1729, and in the first draft of the "Essay on Man" Pope began his passage on "lamented Digby" with the words, "and Scud'more ends her name." As a matter of fact, the name of Scudamore was not ended until, a month after her death, her daughter married the third Duke of Beaufort. This last scion of her house followed the ways of her Cecil grandmother, and a divorce took place in 1744, there being no issue from the match. The china cabinet in the Holme Lacy study reminds us of the passing connection with Badminton, a house famous for its furniture in the Chinese style, which was so much in vogue under George II. Of that style the china cabinet which is illustrated is a very fine and unusual example. Like the little open china cases at Badminton it has a pagoda top, it has Chinese fretwork in its cornice, and the front and sides of the upper part are enclosed with Chinese "railings." This form of enclosure was not usual for the china cabinets of the day, which had larger and simpler framing for glass panes. But we find almost the same patterned "railing" at Badminton forming doors in front of the drawers of a lacquered commode. Another peculiarity of the Holme Lacy china cabinet is the base. The china cabinets of the early Chippendale period were generally set on open stands. Here, however, we have a triple base composed of side drawers and a central cupboard with a pull-out bureau above it. That arrangement, with exactly the same decorated

serpentine mouldings to the cupboard doors, occurs in the cabinet which forms Plate XV. of Mr. Macquoid's third volume. It also has a similar pagoda top, and in both cases the effect is largely due to the excellence of the proportions and to the simple treatment of the mahogany of which they are composed. But only in the Holme Lacy piece do we find the "railing" to the cabinet doors, the fret of the cornice and the carved and decorated Chinese leg. These give it additional richness and distinction and make it a very exceptional piece. As the style of such furniture hardly obtained till quite the middle of the century, it is doubtful whether the Badminton pieces were



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CHINA CABINET IN THE STUDY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

coloured wood for the patterning and formed that patterning with intricately-woven scrolls of narrow grass-like foliage was much favoured. This is well termed the seaweed style and the Holme Lacy examples are typical. They take us to a time when the builder and decorator of Holme Lacy had passed away. The second Viscount, though he sat for some time in the House of Commons, took no large part in public affairs and finds no place in the Court or literary annals of his time. His son, James, however, who succeeded him in 1697, gave a certain intellectual flavour to Holme Lacy. At Oxford he was the contemporary of John Philips, who sang "Scudamorean" praises in his poem on



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IN THE STUDY.

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IN THE YELLOW DRESSING-ROOM.

"C.L."



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IN THE STATE BEDROOM.

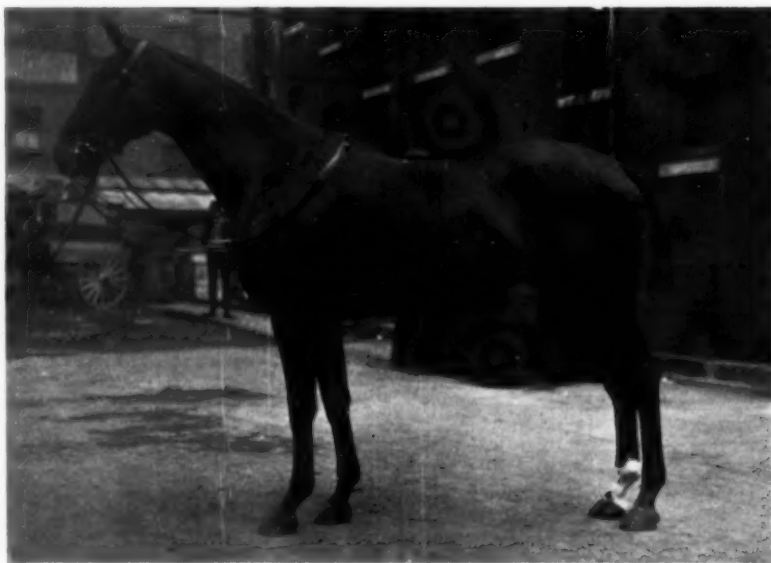
"COUNTRY LIFE."

made before the death of the third Duke in 1745, and therefore whether there is any real connection between them and the Holme Lacy cabinet. The divorced Duchess afterwards married Charles Fitzroy, a natural son of the Duke of Grafton, who took the name of Scudamore. Their only child became the wife of the eleventh Duke of Norfolk and lived till 1820, when she was buried with her forefathers in Holme Lacy Church. She was the last of the blood of the first Viscount. Spenser's "Sir Scudamour," however, had had a daughter,

Mary, who had married a neighbour from rather lower down the Wye, Sir Giles Brydges of Wilton Castle, near Ross. Their descendant, Lady Catherine Brydges, married a cadet of the Chesterfield Stanhopes, and to this branch came Holme Lacy on the death of the Duchess of Norfolk. Scudamore blood, therefore, still runs in the veins of the owner of Holme Lacy, as it has done since Plantagenet days. The threatened severance of this historic connection is a matter for much regret. T.

THE HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA.

OF the great success of the International Horse Show as a popular spectacle there can be no doubt. The beauty of the decorations, the excellence of the management and the varied round of competitions have earned and deserved popularity for the show. The International Horse Show has introduced Englishmen to a new form of sport. Horses have met before, of course, in what are called jumping competitions at shows; but with the exception of the trials at Dublin and at Richmond these competitions have been left to a few old "screws" ridden by grooms and stable-boys. The riding and the jumping have not been remarkable for finish; but the foreign officers at Olympia in 1907 and 1908 showed what could be done by careful schooling of the horse and diligent practice by the man over a difficult artificial course. They showed us that in horsemanship Englishmen had still something to learn. We have neglected and even despised high school riding until real horsemanship is a very rare thing among us. A great many Englishmen do well at polo, and cross a country with more or less success; but in the art of handling a horse, putting him at his fences in good form and sitting in the saddle with ease and grace English horsemen are deficient. On the contrary, the seat of the foreigners, and especially of the Italian officers, is very good, and the success of their horses in jumping competitions shows that they must have light hands. That in the finer arts of horsemanship Englishmen and English officers have a good deal to learn seems to be one of the lessons of Olympia. But when we come to consider the horses we do not seem to have so much to learn. All the horses that have won prizes or competitions are of English blood and many have been bred in England. As far as hunters and polo ponies go the type preferred in England is the one desired in America and on the Continent. The English hunter and the English polo pony are still the ideal type of riding horses, large and small, for the whole world. It may be doubted whether the improvement of English riding horses is a very urgent matter; what we want is an increase of their numbers. The influence of Olympia on hunter and polo pony breeding is exactly the same as that of any first-rate show. The exhibition affords an object-lesson to breeders of the type of animal desired and produced by the best judges and exhibitors. Olympia does not set the fashion or increase the demand for hunters—that is already larger than the supply. But with hacks and harness horses the case is different.



W. A. Rouch.

BROADWOOD: CHAMPION HUNTER.

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These classes are far more numerous than any others, and are the most popular with the public. This is partly, no doubt, on account of the beauty of the horses, but also because they are seen in action. The public see these horses at work, and can judge to a considerable extent of their merits. Everyone can see if a horse steps well, has free, smooth, light and level action, if it is fast or slow, and what kind of manners it displays. This is true of harness horses in all their work, whether in single or double harness, tandems or four-in-hand teams. The same remark applies to hacks. The spectator can imagine himself driving or riding such animals, and he takes an interest in the horses and their drivers. The frequent applause tells us which are popular favourites among the horses, and shows appreciation of the handling of their horses in the ring by such masters of showcraft as Mr. Vivian Gooch or Mr. Butcher. Now, there can be no doubt that these shows, and the International in particular, have, and will have, a very considerable influence on the use and breeding of harness horses. It may be that it will save the pleasure harness horse from the extinction threatened by the rivalry of the automobile. Driving horses of this type is not only a means of conveyance, but is a sport, and a very delightful one, which will probably always find votaries. Showing horses in harness is a fascinating form of competition in which skill and judgment do in fact, though not in appearance, play a much greater part than mere depth of purse. The first-class harness horse is born with the aptitude, but he needs an immense amount of training and conditioning to bring him to such perfection as is shown by the Melville ponies or the pairs of Mrs. Good, or Judge Moore and Mr. Butcher's tandems, or Mr. Brown's team of four chestnuts, or, indeed, any prize-winners, and many not decorated with ribands which we might name. The harness horse is partly the outcome of nature and partly of art, or, rather, of perfectly legitimate training. Many horses and ponies have to be bred, and will be bred if these shows continue, in order to produce one of these; but, in the meantime, the whole level of our harness horses is being raised. They are better to look at, better to drive, and with far freer action than those that went before them. What shows have done for harness horses can be easily learnt by those who can remember the old type of horse that used to win prizes, if they will compare them with those of the present day. Nay, if we would see the improvement in harness horses



W. A. Rouch.

JUBILEE: 24 YEARS OLD: CH. HIGH JUMPER (7ft. 4in.)

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effected by shows, we have only to compare the horses in action round the ring at Olympia with those we have seen in quite recent years. Their front action in past days was everything, an extravagant bending of the knee the standard of perfection; no matter if the horse put his feet down where he took them up. But now pace tells as much as action, and hock action, which is, of course, more necessary to pace than mere bending of the knee, is required by the best judges. For a time it seemed as if the harness horse at our shows was to be a mere fancy animal, but the horses that have won at Olympia can both step and go. Some of the best actually improved as they travelled round the ring. The longer they went the better they moved. This combination of pace with action has been brought about by the shows, and has made the harness horse of the show-ring, hackney-bred as he is, a far more useful animal than he was a few years back. Of course, the show given in the ring is that of a horse timed to the minute in condition and spirits and handled by a master; but one business man, a most successful breeder and exhibitor, told me that out of the season a famous prize-winner from his stud often travelled forty miles a day for a fortnight at a time with one of the firm's travellers. These horses should travel well, for their action is true and easy, they are very well-shaped horses and many of them show a great deal of thorough-bred blood. All have Eastern strains, and many a touch of Welsh or other pony blood. These two lines of blood are to be found at the foundation of all our best English light horses.

But if the International Show improves or popularises the type of harness horse, it may not improbably absolutely preserve for us the hack. There was a time when the hack held an honoured place in our stables. George IV. delighted in a good hack. Men of fashion prided themselves on the possession of animals perfect in shape and manners. The bicycle, the motor and, perhaps



W. A. Rouch *LOUDWATER FLOURISH: CH. SINGLE HARNESS.* Copyright.



MATHIAS A.I.: ONE OF THE FINEST MOVERS IN THE SHOW.



W. A. Rouch *SPANISH HERO: CHAMPION POLO STALLION.* Copyright.

more than anything else, the polo pony have tended to drive the hack out of fashion. Comparatively few people ride for pleasure, and yet there are few pleasanter things than a ride on a really first-rate hack. Such a horse should walk five, trot ten and canter six miles in the hour. All his work should be done easily. His head should be carried at the right angle, he should go with his hocks well under him, his fore feet seeming to tread on air; his mouth should be light and his temper perfect. If in addition to this he is 15h. 2in., bright bay with black points, and has his tail well set on and well carried we have an animal from which an immense amount of pleasure and health can be derived. Whether in Rotten Row or in country lanes, such a horse is always delightful to ride. Such horses

are few, but in England the men who can train them are fewer. The perfect hack should have been thoroughly grounded in the high school, and should have learned the elements, if not the tricks, of that school of training. So few horses are perfectly balanced, for that can only be brought about even with well-shaped horses by schooling. A horse of inferior shape can be immensely improved by proper training and a good one made still better. It struck me on looking at the hacks at the International Show that the Americans have given more attention to the training of the hack than we have, and perhaps also to the best way of handling him.

It seems, then, that it may very likely happen that we shall see a revival of the popularity of the hack as one result of the International Horse Show. If a sufficient number of rewards in the shape of remunerative prices are forthcoming, men will be found to breed and train hacks, and this type of horse will appear with greater frequency. We have the materials, for a good-shouldered hackney mare crossed with blood might, and often would, give us exactly what we want. Every prize-winner represents hundreds of useful horses, which, because a high standard is set here, are all better than they would otherwise have been, and more serviceable for peace or war.

T. F. D.

MANTELS & OVERMANTELS AT CHILDWICKBURY.

THE Manor of Childwickbury, Hertfordshire, has had a chequered history, which is, moreover, not a little obscure. Chauncy, who published his County History in 1700, dismisses it in eight lines, and does not refer to the house. Clutterbuck is more informing as to the story of the manor, but is also silent as to the building. The Abbey of St. Albans originally held the manor, which fell to the Crown at the Dissolution, and was granted to William Cavendish, afterwards Knight, in the thirty-first year of Henry VIII. One Thomas Rowse appears as the holder in Elizabeth's time, and next we read of William Preston, yeoman, who sold the estate to Joshua Lomax, about the year 1666. In the Lomax family it continued until 1854, when it was sold to Henry Hayman Toulmin. It eventually came into the possession of the late Sir Blundell Maple. The manor house has been greatly altered, but it was probably built by Joshua Lomax towards the end of Charles II.'s reign. It seems hardly possible to attribute any of the decorations which appear in the accompanying illustrations to so early a date, though some of the cornices are restrained enough to suggest about 1715. The elaborate ceilings, over-mantels and mirror frames are clearly much later, and are probably work of about 1760. They remind one of the decorations of Chesterfield House designed by Isaac Ware, and represent the type of thing that the great Lord Chesterfield, in his character of arbiter of taste, thought most fitting for interiors. With all its cleverness—and it is done with a dash and a swing that demand admiration—it is a far cry from the fine sobriety of the school which began with Inigo Jones, expanded under the masculine



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AT CHILDWICKBURY.

"C.L."



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A WALL PANEL.

"C.L."

vigour of Wren, and still held an honoured place in the capable hands of Sir William Chambers. With these things in the manner of the French Regency, we see the reaction from the serious work of the time of Louis Quatorze, and yet miss the delicacy and more purely classical feeling that is characteristic of the Little Trianon, so beloved of Marie Antoinette.

The Childwickbury decorations also show some traces of the passion for the rather extravagant bird decoration which led the French artists of the middle of the eighteenth century to risk their art in the pursuit of the comic. They are free, however, from the Chinese influences which made such queer decorative hybrids both in France and England. There is, perhaps, no odder result of a fantastic eclecticism than the parade of apes and Chinese which the cultes of *singerie* and *chinoiserie* produced. They attacked even the broad sense of Chippendale, but in England there was the lack of the nimble, mordant wit which gave to the decorative work of such men as Huet a definite if exotic value.

Humour in art is a dangerous trade, and a joke when it is frozen into decoration becomes tedious to live with. One feels rather about the Childwickbury mantel-piece over which Cupid and two exasperated birds preside that it is the incarnation of restlessness. A tall tower with its spire is perched perilously on the end of a scroll. Militant parrots face each other from the two jambs. Another fowl surveys the mantel-shelf from an architectural perch of indefinite composition. If one reviews it by the standards of restrained English styles, the judgment of Dr. Johnson seems the inevitable answer: "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." With all the cleverness of this French decoration one is surprised to find it done at all. The other mantel-piece is far more coherent; indeed, up to the shelf it is a very reasonable decorative scheme, though the mirror frame shows the artist rather out of hand. The root of the objections to these welters of curves is a want of sanity, and, as Mr. Reginald Blomfield has neatly said in another connection, "an art, such as architecture, based on the actual facts of existence, cannot afford to be insane." So much by way of destructive criticism directed at a striking piece of work. It would be unreasonable, however, to deny its excellence judged by the standard of its period. Art, like nature, has its evolution, and we can neither afford to follow Ruskin in his contempt of the Renaissance and all that derived from it, nor dismiss Gothic, as Evelyn did, as a manifestation of barbarism. As fashions in decoration changed, craftsmen were the sport of their time. We can expect no more of them than that they should do the best with

their artistic equipment. Indeed, the Childwickbury decoration has a clear claim to interest and study, in that it goes further in the French direction than most work of its kind in England. Its good qualities are, moreover, positive and demand our respectful admiration. It was no small achievement to combine with the admittedly flamboyant scheme of curves a naturalistic presentation of bird-life which is extraordinary in its accuracy. While it is an astonishing paradox that the men who carved the birds should also have provided their setting, we may blame the period for the setting while recognising the high attainment of the men. By way of comparison with cognate work elsewhere, Isaac Ware's drawing-room of Chestertfield House is more delicately handled, while the comparatively grave treatment of the library is brought into closer harmony with English Palladian practice. Indeed, we may believe that Ware was led along by Lord Chesterfield rather against his better judgment, for in his earlier years he had declaimed against straggling and purposeless copies of French work. In the case of some of the English decorators who took up the fashion of the day, we find the French decorative language spoken with an English accent. Sometimes this adds clumsiness to lack of meaning, but occasionally it has the effect of imparting a needed sense of



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IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

restraint. There are some ceilings at York and also at Wilberforce House, Hull, in which the French motives are urgent but controlled.

The singular decorative gifts of the Brothers Adam had the effect of paling the popularity of copies and adaptations of the looser sorts of French work. Their meticulous refinement of detail and steady insistence on a return to recognised classical models made a fashion which, if lacking in grip and open to the charge of effeminacy, was generally coherent and never worse than trivial. In matters of interior decoration, if richness is the desired end, it can be won easily enough, without departing from native traditions which have developed in consonance with native character.

The ceiling of the chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge, lacks neither richness nor gaiety of feeling. The details of Ashburnham House, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, are of a beauty which accords far more closely with the genius of English decoration than any French motives of the more luxuriant sort. It may be hoped that such work as that of Childwickbury will be studied and admired for its cleverness and dash, but that in the borrowing of its details a severe economy may be used.

L.

LITERATURE.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A STRICT dividing line needs to be drawn between the novel as imaginative art and the novel as a means of propagating opinions. It is in the nature of things that the novel with a purpose cannot belong to the highest art, but we cannot forget that in the hands of Charles Dickens and the late Charles Reade it proved an efficient weapon of reform, nor that the political opinions of Benjamin Disraeli are contained in his "Sybil" and "Tancred." With as definite an object in view as any of his predecessors, Mr. De Vere Stacpoole has written *The Pools of Silence* (Methuen). The author has been moved to indignation by the condition of affairs in the Congo, which, he says in a note, remains unchanged despite of what happened in August, 1908. This is a severe indictment, and we trust that it will bring the light of public opinion to bear on that unhappy country. Considering the work simply as a novel, Mr. Stacpoole follows in the steps of Dumas. The opening scene between Dr. Adams and the Napoleonic scoundrel Captain Berselius would have done no discredit to the historian of D'Artagnan. But the French master would have assuredly deepened the love interest, which in this book is too slight. In Africa several stirring incidents in big-game-shooting afford an opportunity to develop the characters. Our author's opinion concerning the people is that "never in the history of the world has such a state of servitude been known." He says:

White men, Christian men, have taken these people, have drawn under the banner of Christianity and under Christian pay all the warlike

tribes, armed them, and set them as task-masters over the humble and meek.

The European servant who has to carry out this policy is described thus:

Andreas Meeus was exactly the type of man this Government required, and still requires, and still uses and must continue to use as long as the infernal machine which it has invented for the extraction of gold from niggers continues to work. A man, that is to say, who has eaten orange-peel picked up in the market-place; a man who has worn out his friends—and his clothes. A man without hope.

This man is taken as representing those who were used as instruments to carry out the Bonus Proclamation of 1892:

Meeus found that besides his pay he could get a bonus on every kilo of wax and copal he could extract from the natives, and that the cheaper he could get the stuff the more his bonus would be. Thus, for every kilo of wax or copal screwed out of the natives at a cost of five centimes or less, he received into his pocket a bonus of fifteen centimes, that is to say, the bonus to Meeus was three times what the natives got; if, by any laxity or sense of justice, the cost of the wax or copal rose to six centimes a kilo, Meeus only got ten centimes bonus, and so on.

What it all led to, and in the opinion of the author must lead to, will be found in a chapter called "The Punishment." Towards the end of it Mr. Stacpoole says, "One cannot write of unnameable things, unprintable deeds," but imagination stumbles at the production of anything more hideously cruel than the description which precedes this. The contemplation of such infamies has filled Mr. Stacpoole with a fury of indignation and dismay. He makes his point all the more

striking by contrast, for where these deeds were perpetrated the natural beauty is such as we associate with Eden:

The spirit of the scene was there. The spirit of deep and unalterable peace. The peace of shadowy lagoons, the peace of the cedar groves where the sheltering trees shaded the loveliness of Merope, the peace of the heart which passes all understanding and which men have named the Peace of God.

This is the gist of a book concerning which more is likely to be heard, since in no work of fiction is there to be found any comparable exposure. But there is much else to arrest attention. Mr. Stacpoole is first of all a medical man, and the book supplies numerous examples of close observation. Take, for instance, the description of the behaviour of a savage after his eyes had been blown out by a gun explosion:

He knew nothing of blindness; he knew little of pain. An Englishman in his wounded state would have been screaming in agony; to Félix the pain was sharp, but it was nothing to the fact that the sun had "gone dam."

He put his hand to the pain and felt his ruined face, but that did not tell him anything.

This sudden black dark was not the darkness which came from shutting one's eyes; it was something else, and he scrambled on his feet to find out.

He could feel the darkness now, and he advanced a few steps to see if he could walk through it; then he sprang into the air to see if it was lighter above, and dived on his hands and knees to see if he could slip under it, and shouted and whooped to see if he could drive it away.

It would be interesting to have this piece of observation confirmed.

A very different kind of political treatise is that which Mr. Hilaire Belloc has written under the title of *A Change in the Cabinet* (Methuen). From time to time we have pointed out the excellence of some of Mr. Belloc's work. He is the author of a learned work on the Thames, and in a recent number it was shown that his book on the Lower Pyrenees is very practical and useful. In fiction he is not such a shining light. The born romancer will not be satisfied till he has produced a likeness of truth that seems more life-like than truth itself. His first aim is to make the reader believe for the nonce that the real world is the unreal, that the story he is reading is life, and that nothing else counts. Mr. Belloc, when he dates his story 1915, and makes his chief character the holder of an impossible office, says good-bye to *vraisemblance*. Screaming farce is no longer a suggestion, but a realised fact, when he is driven to invent the cause and cure of a disease called *veracilitis*. Of course, his ultimate aim is to secure a platform from which he can utter what he conceives to be biting truths. The scheme is Swiftian; but then Mr. Belloc is not Jonathan Swift, but only a Parliamentarian of brief standing, whose ideas are still in the raw and crude state. He seems to believe sincerely that Stock Exchange finance is inextricably mixed up with English politics, and that Cabinet appointments are virtually in the hands of women. The malady of speaking the truth causes Sir Charles Repton to tell a big City meeting that the railway in which share capital is being issued is not to be built. The project is only to send the shares of

a bad company up. He tells his Prime Minister, "I think you owe most of your position to birth," and afterwards adds that all politicians are liars. It is the habit of this Cabinet Minister, according to Mr. Belloc—who doubtless knows the life history of Cabinet Ministers—to go to the City in a motor-bus. On the way he gets into trouble by saying to a labouring fellow-passenger, "I can't make out why they allow people like you in an omnibus—dirty brutes like you I should say." The author of "Vice Versa" might have worked all this into a clever farce, but Mr. Belloc lacks the necessary lightness and deftness of touch. He has a little cleverness and a most prodigious consciousness of it, but the situation demanded very great talent, if not absolute genius. Technically the book is about as bad as it could be—its early chapters are introductory in character and dull to a degree. Characters appear, do nothing and disappear. The construction is loose and slovenly. If Mr. Belloc does indeed, in addition to other accomplishments, possess the gift of creative fiction, he ought to give himself more time. This novel might have been dictated to relays of shorthand writers. Mr. Belloc would improve his style if he abandoned the small clevernesses and smartnesses of which at present he is so fond. The wit that substitutes "her" for "him" when the reader is spoken of is not a very valuable asset, nor do we value highly the cleverness which says of a man, after the information had been given that his father was a doctor, his grandfather a miner and his great-grandfather a turnkey in Nottingham Gaol, "he was therefore of the middle rank of society." The book is strewn with this sort of thing, which gives it an impress as if it were the work of a beginner or an amateur.

A WOMAN'S MIND.

The Heart of Monica. (Collier.)

MONICA had the misfortune to get married in the first place to a young man who was a victim of alcoholism, and instead of realising the romantic dreams of her girlhood, she found herself linked to a man who came home nightly in a condition that would have disgraced a cabman. She unbosoms herself, in a series of letters which form this book, to a male friend, who makes an heroic but useless endeavour to reform the erring and degraded husband. Eventually Monica is left a widow through the ravages of drink and marries the man who had befriended her. Her character is very well brought out in the correspondence, and the book would have been a charming one were it not that the end is so easy to discern from the beginning. The action goes on in a direct march, and the novel contains none of the uncertainties and surprises which bewilder and delight a reader. It is, if anything, too straightforward.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Les Sept Femmes de la Barbe-Bleue, by Anatole France. (Calmann-Lévy.)
The Pools of Silence, by H. De Vere Stacpoole. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
A Change in the Cabinet, by H. Belloc. (Methuen.)
The Veil, by E. S. Stevens. (Mills and Boon.)
The Spirit of the Downs, by Arthur Beckett. (Methuen.)
Glastonbury: The Historic Guide to the "English Jerusalem," by C. L. Marson. (Bath: George Gregory.)

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

QUALIFYING

THERE were two very long days' golf on the Tuesday and Wednesday, during which over 200 competitors of very varying degrees of merit were occupied in trying to qualify for the open championship. For any but the very best this is no easy matter nowadays, when a man who can get round a long course in 80 and 81 may find that he is not in the best thirty out of a hundred.

Those great men who are so good that qualifying gives them practically no anxiety, seem as a rule to try their very hardest on the first day; if they can do a really good score on that day they take things very safely and easily on the morrow. Most of them made their position secure on the first day—Braid with 72, Harry Vardon with 73 and Taylor 74. With four holes to go it seemed likely that Braid would beat 70; he had four fours for 69 and was playing in a way that could only be called fiendish. However, the formidable sixteenth cost him five, and after that he played the last two holes weakly—for Braid—and finished in 72, good enough in all conscience. This score was equalled by Gaudin and Herd and also by Mr. Hilton, who was at his very best—a delightful spectacle. Maasy and Tom Ball took 80 and 79 respectively, so that their anxieties were not really over. On the next day, however, they soon dispelled any fears. Maasy played his best game and had a 74, which looked like being better, while Tom Ball did 71, which constitutes a record for the course. Most of the other eminent persons slackened their efforts somewhat, and Herd, who did 72 on the first day, allowed himself an 82 on the second. Mayo was as steady as a rock—he did 73 on each day, and the second round was the more meritorious, since he had a five at the short twelfth hole. A fair number of amateurs qualified, but Mr. Beveridge's failure was disappointing—his long game on the first day was rather shaky and some terrible disasters befel him in consequence.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The first few holes of the first round did prove disastrous to one favourite and seemed likely to do so to another. Braid had a calamitous

six at the second hole and never seemed to get quite into his stride afterwards. His driving was good enough, but his holing out was very far from good, and he missed two or three dreadfully short ones. Far more surprising than that, he seemed temporarily to lose the art of iron play, and his approaches left him a lot to do; he had another six at the fifth hole, and was not unlucky to be out in 41. A three at the tenth promised a recovery, but he fell away again, and 79 was a very bad start. Taylor's first six holes were likewise far from reassuring; not that he was playing really badly, but nothing would go right for him, and he too took 41 out. Like Braid he got a three at the tenth, and from that moment he played with dash and confidence, a confidence which never seemed to forsake him afterwards; he holed several good putts, played all the shots as well as they could be played and came home in 33—a splendid recovery. Tom Ball also had a 74, but meanwhile, two quite unknown young gentlemen, in Johns and Piper, had taken the lead with wonderful scores of 72 and 73. In the afternoon Piper fell away sadly, but Johns played very well again and did 76. He has a fine free swing, which, as he gets older, he will probably shorten somewhat and keep more under control, and is a good and confident putter. Everybody expected Taylor to play well, after getting so well over his *mauvais quart d'heure* of the first round, and he did play almost perfectly; his 73 left him at the head of affairs, and from that moment he appeared a prospective champion. Tom Ball kept close on his heels with a 75, and Herd was still well in the running with 151. Braid played great golf for eleven holes and had very nearly made amends for his bad start when another attack of short putts came over him. After that nothing would go right, and a round that should have been 70 or 71 became 75.

THE FINAL ROUND

The last day's play practically resolved itself into a duel between Taylor and Tom Ball, who played immediately behind him, although Johns again played well and more than kept up his quickly-acquired reputation. Taylor played the second hole shakily, but after that he had only one lapse; a half-topped tee shot at the eleventh might have cost him dear, but he got

splendidly out of his troubles, and a 74 could not be grumbled at. Tom Ball often seemed about to catch him up, but the putts would not quite go in—incidentally, Ball is probably the finest putter in the professional ranks—and he dropped two strokes further behind. Braid made up a little leeway with 73, but Herd put himself out of court altogether. Once again Taylor played the second hole poorly, and once again he played almost perfectly afterwards, his long putts being especially good and finishing within inches of the hole. Nevertheless, Ball gained two strokes on him in the first seven holes, and a desperate finish seemed likely. Taylor, however, went from strength to strength, and when he had played the first five holes home in eighteen strokes he had victory in his grasp. He finished with a five and three beautiful fours, and as Ball rather fell away Taylor finally won his fourth championship by a margin of six strokes, thus bearing out his own aphorism that the only way to win a championship is to win it easily. Braid came with a rush at the finish, and holed a good putt to tie for second place. Johns was one stroke behind, and the last two places in the prize list were filled by two Jersey golfers, Renouf and Ray. Poor Ray had a terribly disappointing finish; with four holes to go his score was two under an average of fours, and he seemed likely to be second; but then came a series of misfortunes, and he could do no better than 75.

APPROACHES LAID DEAD.

Lately I heard a man whose handicap at golf was fourteen, but who would be below scratch in a humour competition, observe to his opponent after the fifth hole in succession which one or the other of them had given up before they came to the putting green, "Ah! I understand now what Jamie Anderson meant when he said there was no putting in first-class golf." This was, of course, a dictum *pour rire*; but Jamie Anderson, though he had his share of the Scottish "pawkie" humour, meant his original remark more or less seriously, and went far to justify it by the consistency with which he laid his own approaches dead—that is to say, dead for him—when he was in his best form. It has been a great feature of the first-class golf of this spring, both in the amateur and open championships and in other great events, that so many of the "chip" shots have been laid dead. The standard of play in the amateur championship was unusually high throughout, in my humble judgment. Certainly we seldom see such good golf in the final ties. And the holing off the mashie or approaching iron, even at Muirfield, where the holing out is far from easy, became almost the rule, instead of the exception, with some of the amateur experts. So it was also at the professional championship—Gaudin, Johns and others of the younger men owing much of their sensational scores to leaving themselves nothing to do off the approaches. Of course, the winner is *facile princeps* at this particular feat.

THE ARMY CUP.

One of the men who has certainly put his name a good deal higher on the roll of golfing fame by his doings this spring is Mr. W. A. Henderson of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He began, it may be remembered, by dispelling for us the American terror which dominated our amateur championship, beating Mr. Travers at the first encounter. Then he went on and beat Mr. Whitecross of the Dirlerton Castle Club, although this redoubtable player of the local people began, towards the end of the round, to lay his approaches stone dead and even to hole them precisely as he had done towards the finish of his previous match with Mr. Angus Hambro. Finally (so far as Mr. Henderson's share in that tournament went) he was beaten in the pitch dark, soaked to the skin, at 8.30 on the Tuesday night by Mr. Darwin, at the twentieth hole. Then, at the date of the open championship (and is it not rather a pity that the Army Cup should be played for coincidentally with

this championship, so as to keep out from one of the events any who might otherwise enter for both?) he was playing for his regiment, which was beaten only in the final heat by the Black Watch, the winners. But though his side was beaten here, Mr. Henderson gained no less than six holes (they play this tournament by holes) from his individual opponent, and in the semi-final heat, against the 60th Rifles, had beaten Mr. Guy Campbell by five. These matches, and the victory (I think for the second year in succession) of the Black Watch were celebrated at Rye, the most sporting and best course going for a match-play tournament. For score play it is almost too *accidenté*, but a good character as a match-play arena is the highest that a course can deserve.

STYMIED OFF THE TEE

They were a party of jovial golfers, and had come down for a few days' golf to the hotel at Gullane. On the first night they had dined sumptuously, looking on the wine when it was red, and in the morning had felt but poorly, so that they decided it would be better to go down and have a look at the course and postpone the commencement of active operations till the afternoon.

So they inspected the course, and presently went back to the hotel for luncheon, of which they again partook generously, especially of the wine (which is not red) of the country. In the afternoon they sallied out to play the Royal and Ancient game, and the leader of their party had his ball placed on the tee and addressed it, with all solemnity. He executed his ceremonial waggle over the ball and was on the point of striking at it when suddenly he started back, with a look of much perturbation on his troubled face. "By Gosh!" he exclaimed, with awful emphasis, "that's the first time ever I saw sic a thing as yon—stymied off the tee!"

AFTER THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

A VERY fierce light beats nowadays upon a championship course, and the critics grow yearly more exacting. Deal, on the whole, came out of its ordeal with flying colours, and the officials and members of the club are to be congratulated not only on managing a championship meeting perfectly admirably, but also on providing a very good course in the very best of order. Needless to say, there was some criticism of the course; but it was of a sympathetic and not of a hostile character. Nobody had anything but praise for the greens, which were beautifully true and of a nice easy pace;

there really was no excuse—beyond human frailty—for missing the short ones and a very good chance of holing the long ones. Criticism was chiefly directed against the third and seventeenth holes, and especially in the case of the third opinion was almost unanimous that the hole badly needed alteration. It is very nearly a magnificent hole; there is a fine straight tee shot, which is rewarded by the best of lies on a green velvety plateau; then comes an even better brassey shot, with a carry over a formidable bunker and rough ground to the right and left. Then comes the disappointing part of it all; the player finds his ball in a valley with a steep grass wall in front of him; the hole is entirely obscured from view, and after he has got thoroughly out of breath in running up and down the hill to see the line, he has to play a perfectly blind and rather fluky pitch. If he had hit a much worse tee shot and only just scrambled over the bunker in his second shot, he could still have got on to the green in three in



MR. E. A. LASSEN.

perfect comfort, whereas only a big hitter with a big wind behind him can get home in two, for the grassy wall is wonderfully steep. On the other hand, if that steep grass wall were removed, the man who has hit two really fine shots would be duly rewarded by his second shot just reaching the green. There may possibly be those who through tradition and long association have a liking for the hole as it is; but it is to be hoped that this will not blind them to its intrinsic weakness and the really glorious possibilities of an alteration. The objection to the seventeenth is that the approach shot is so difficult that it becomes lucky. The crest of a hill guards the green, and there is, no doubt, a point on that hill where the ball can be pitched so that it will trickle slowly down the other side and stay near the hole; let the ball be pitched but a few inches too short, however, and it will utterly decline to go forward; while if it pitches the least bit in the world too far it will career gaily over the green into the rough beyond. At the same time, this, unlike the third, is a very hard hole to alter, and if once the reformers begin tinkering at the hill, it is difficult to say exactly what will happen; it is an alteration that must be undertaken warily if at all.

Hills and banks are a great feature of the last four holes at Deal, the four holes that have gone some way to the making of the reputation of the course. The bank at the last hole—the hole is on a plateau—proved especially interesting because so many players took a long time before they grasped the right way of dealing with it, if, indeed, they ever grasped it at all. The bank does not look very formidable, but it has this remarkable property—that a ball pitched against it resents the outrage most bitterly and will not climb up on to the green. With the wind behind, as it was throughout the championship, the ball must either be pitched boldly up on to the green, with a great deal of cut to prevent it running over, or a 'typical St. Andrews shot' must be played—a low, skimming shot, wherein the ball pitches some way short of the bank with plenty of life left in it, and races up to run on some ten yards or so to the hole. A good many of the competitors did not appear to know this shot; at any rate, they seemed disinclined to play it; but it was interesting to see that most persistent advocate of pitching, Taylor, adapting himself to circumstances and playing the running shot to perfection. It is a shot that the average professional seems to have a great disinclination to play. They are masters of the cut-approach shot, and use it in season and, as it sometimes appears to the onlooker, out of season. They may possibly acquire this habit from playing much over strange courses where they do not know the pace and character of the ground over which they would have to run the ball, and therefore think it wiser to play as much as possible in the air. If they perhaps pitch a little too much, they certainly have the excuse that they are masters of the stroke, and especially of those little chips from the rough grass that fringes the green. The onlooker who flitted about from one couple to another became quite accustomed to see one player after another laying the ball stone dead with these little pitches, and playing them with a certainty and crispness which is given to but few amateurs. Even the weakest of professional players—and some are really quite weak—seem to have a mastery over this one shot; presumably it is an

heritage from their caddie days, when they were for ever chipping balls into tee boxes with their masters' mashies.

Not only is the professional wonderfully skilful in cutting his pitches, but he sometimes carries the principle too far and cuts his putts. Standing at some point of vantage behind the player, one could notice how frequently the putter was drawn right across the line of the putt. The relatively advanced position of the right foot and that "knuckling" of the legs, characteristic of many professionals, has no doubt something to say to this, and in the matter of hitting the putts cleanly and truly the amateur can at least hold his own. In the length and straightness of his tee shots, and more especially in his pitches, the professional is very clearly ahead.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I quite agree with the remark in COUNTRY LIFE of May 29th, that if golfing tournament matches are played on Sunday the fact should be openly stated. Motoring clubs are not ashamed to advertise their Sunday runs; for instance: "Sunday, 13th.—Richmond and District Motor Club: Run to Leith Hill—Ladies' day; Picnic; Petrol Consumption Test." But I wish that motor clubs and golf players would leave Sunday alone and have

their picnics and tournaments on Saturday, like other people. One may reasonably suppose that motorists and golfers (and ladies!) have as much leisure as cricketers and football players, and Saturday half-holidays are general now. Chauffeurs and caddies might have a rest on Sunday with advantage. Of course, I am not referring to the hundreds of motor-owners and golf players who do consider their dependents, but to the increasing number of those who treat Sunday like a weekday.—M. S. JENKINS.

THE SAFETY OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I was relieved to find from your correspondent's letter on the above that the architect of the cathedral was reconsidering the matter before erecting the buttresses against the south aisle, as shown by the lath and plaster model, a photograph of which was reproduced in your issue of the 5th inst. As your correspondent remarks, the effect of the model is unfortunate. Might I suggest that the existing Norman piers should be rebuilt their full present width, and sufficiently deep to take the increased thrust, keeping the present lines of offsets, etc., and using the old stone as far as possible for offsets and facings.—G. BERKELEY WILLS.

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I have read with much interest the two parts of the finely illustrated article on "Blenheim Palace" in your numbers of May 29th and June 5th. Throughout the writer alludes to the imperious nature of the great Duchess Sarah, wife of the world-famed soldier. Brook restraint she would not, and she was proud and passionate, most certainly; but she had her remorseful moods and could be very tender. Among her personal endowments was a profusion of beautiful hair, the pride of her doting husband, whose fingers often caressed it. In a moment of pique she cut it

off to spite him. Unknown to her, he treasured the severed tresses and kept them by him wherever he went. Nor, until after his death, did she discover that he had done so. Deeply touched, she went again to look upon him, and laid them once more between his hands. They rest there still, beneath the dark casket shown so well in your picture of Rysbrack's costly sarcophagus. Moreover, some of your students of armoury may care to know that this



MR. B. DARWIN.

haughty Duchess was the only woman ever appointed Groom of the Stole. She was greatly gratified at the unique distinction, and there is a painting of her at Pe'worth wearing her robe of State and with the key of her office.—EMILY HUGHES.

THE DORMOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I did not see COUNTRY LIFE of last week until Saturday, or should have written before to reply to a correspondent who asserts that the dormouse is "an entirely nocturnal" animal. Mainly nocturnal would have been a more correct term, for I have frequently seen these mice out in the woods in the daytime, even in bright sunlight, and my photographs which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of February 20th will prove my point.—FRANCES PITT.

A SWARM OF BEES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This is the time for the swarming of bees, and I enclose a photograph of a swarm taken recently, which I think gives a good idea of the clustering bees.—F. W. M. WATIS.

THE HOUND SHOW AT RANELAGH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am looking forward very much to the above show. In the meantime, I think I can tell Mr. Croxton Smith something of the packs he enquires about. It is some years since Mr. Allen Jeffreys ceased to hunt in Hampshire. There is, however, a pack of black and tan harriers at Bexhill in Sussex. They are a very old pack and were for a long time in the hands of the Brook family. Some years ago they fell off in quality, but the late and present Masters have done much to restore the pack to its former standard. They are low-scenting hounds with lovely music. I have often hunted with them and admired their work very much. The Ribblesdale Buckhounds are, I believe, Kerry beagles, black and tan, with a fine, deep note; they hunt wild fallow deer in a flying country and are very fast. Pure Welsh hounds are difficult to find, and the most likely kennel to find them in would be that of the Teme Valley, which has been hunted for a long time by the Lote family. The late Sir Richard Green-Price knew a great deal about these and other Welsh hounds, and has often told me of their wonderful noses and extraordinary perseverance on the line of their fox. I suspect these black and tan hounds to be merely bloodhounds degenerated in size and altered somewhat in type by selection. I remember the late Lord Wolverton telling me of the difficulty he had in keeping up the standard of his pack, and showing me some young hounds no bigger than the Bexhill harriers as examples of the difficulty in those days of breeding bloodhounds to size. I do not know whether Mr. Croxton Smith will arrange any trials for us at Ranelagh; but I should very much like to see some good bloodhounds at work. I am sure he will forgive me if I say that I have sometimes thought that a foxhound with training might hunt the clean boot almost as well as a bloodhound; but perhaps that is only my ignorance.—X.

NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—*Apologies* of the article on "Night Photography," I send you an effort of my own, taken from the balcony of an hotel at Lucerne, and showing the lamps of that town reflected in the lake. A momentary exposure was given just after sundown in order to show the outline of the mountains. The lens was then capped until darkness had fallen, when (the camera not having been shifted in the meantime) a second exposure of ten minutes was added to the first. The effect is pleasing, but it will be observed by your photographic readers that there is decided halation round the lights, although the negative is on a film.—M.

WOUNDED TROUT RISING TO FLY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—It has happened to me lately to catch a trout under rather curious conditions,

which may, perhaps, interest your angling readers. The river was a dry-fly one. The day was June 4th, very cold, indeed, for the season, with an east wind that was nearly a gale. There were a few Pale Watery Duns on the river and an occasional Alder, but hardly a fish was moving. At length I came to one, which I caught with the Alder. He was rising well and played well, but when we had netted him in we found that he had two big and fresh stabs in him, almost certainly from a heron's beak. They were just behind the dorsal fin, the one 1½ in. above the other. The fish's weight was about 1lb., and should have been more, for he was rather lean. The astonishing thing is that a fish thus injured should be rising

so boldly and feeding on fly so greedily on a day when there were exceptionally few fish on the rise. I should have expected, and so, too, I think, would most people with any knowledge of the ways of a trout, that this injured fish would be lying up under a bank, sulking and resting. Instead, here he was in the stream, eagerly feeding and showing good fight when hooked, in spite of being in rather poor condition. It seemed reminiscent of those seal-marked salmon in the Tay and other rivers, which seem always more ready to take a fly than those which have not been struck by the mauling flipper of the seal. Is it because they want to recuperate their strength after the injury; and is this also the reason why my heron-stabbed trout was rising? — H. G. HUTCHINSON.



A CUCKOO STORY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I believe that it is still contended by some naturalists that the old stories about the cuckoo's propensity for sucking eggs are nonsense, and that the idea arose merely from the fact that persons had observed the cuckoo flying with an egg in its beak, and imagined that it had stolen the egg for the purpose of making a meal off its contents; whereas, in all probability, the egg was one that had just been laid by the bird herself, and she was on the look-out for some small bird's nest in which to place it. May I in this connection relate an interesting experience which befel a friend of mine a few weeks since? He was lying quite still under a bush in which was a thrush's nest with eggs in it. While he was there a cuckoo flew into the bush and made straight for the thrush's nest. (He particularly noticed that the bird had nothing in its beak when it arrived.) It then picked an egg out of the nest, held it in its claws, made a hole in the side of it, and proceeded to suck it dry. When it had finished, it dropped the empty shell to the ground and flew away calling "cuckoo." My friend picked up the egg shell and kept it.—R. L. TURNER.

LOCAL NAMES OF BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You published the other day an enquiry from a correspondent as to the origin of the nickname "Philip" sparrow. In the fourth edition of Yarrell it is stated that the sparrow was in former days called "Philip" because its note was supposed to resemble that word.—J. N.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A week or two ago you referred to local names for wild birds. Here are some I have heard used. A keeper in this part of Bucks calls the spotted woodpecker the "Magpie ile," and the green woodpecker the "whetile," or the "green-ile." (I spell the sound "ile" as he pronounced it. I wonder what it can mean?) Then the wren he called the "Dickotty," and the long-tailed tit the "Bum-barrel." Another keeper called the jay "Jacob." A Hampshire (New Forest) woodman I once knew called the wren the "Bark-dripper," and the night-jar the "Puckeridge"; but these, I believe, are well-known terms. An old villager in the New Forest referred to the stonechat as the "Fuzzacker." After taking thought for a time I came to the conclusion he meant "Furze-hacker."—J. RUDGE HARDING.



"HIRDIN' THE CROWS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Sauntering along through the fields in "The Kingdome of Fife" one August day, our ears were suddenly assailed by the sound of "Cr-raik,



cr-r-r-raik, cr-r-r-raik"; but so loud was the sound that we knew it could be the cry of no ordinary land-rail. Won ering what it could be, we turned the corner, to find the mystery explained. There sat a sturdy farmer's boy, "hirdin' the crows" with his "corneraik." This, as you will see from the accompanying photograph, is a pinion or cog-wheel on the end of a long handle, with a spring ratchet, held in position by a framework at right angles to and revolving round the cog-wheel. On swinging this round and round it gives a sound for all the world like the cry of some giant corn-crake, hence the

name given to it (the apparatus). It is used to frighten the crows from the growing crops.—J. M. W.

[Another use to which such an instrument is put may be noted on the towpath by the Cam during "May Week." There, on the other hand, its noise may be said to signify encouragement and applause.—ED.]

THE NIGHTINGALE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of May 29th you recorded an early nightingale's nest. A nightingale here hatched her five eggs on May 31st. I do not know exactly the length of time occupied by the nightingale in incubation; but supposing it to be fourteen days, which is, perhaps, not very wide of the mark, the first egg would have been laid about May 10th or 11th. It would have been better for this bird if she had delayed her maternal duties, for on June 5th, after several days of cold rain, I found the unfortunate youngsters dead in the nest. Strange to say, the male nightingale in this case did not cease singing when the young hatched. Possibly by neglecting his share of the duty of feeding them he may have hastened their untimely end, by imposing too great a burden on his mate. A second nest seems to be probable, for this undaunted bird has been singing beautifully again every night this week.—J. R. H., Gerrard's Cross.

BEE-STINGS AND RHEUMATISM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The sort of rheumatism for which the tincture prepared from bee-stings proves useful is that accompanied with puffy swelling of the joints. I know a case where acute rheumatism has recurred several times with these painful swellings, and here the tincture proves invaluable, as also in erysipelas with shiny red swelling. Homœopathy knows no remedies for particular diseases, but prescribes for the group of symptoms peculiar to the patient, choosing the remedy (in a highly attenuated form) that has been found to produce a similar group of symptoms in a healthy subject. The tincture of "apis mellifica 30" can be obtained from any homœopathic chemist, and the dose, in acute cases, is three drops in a tablespoonful of cold water thrice daily.—J. CAMPBELL.

A TWELFTH CENTURY FRAGMENT IN CHESHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Norman doorway here represented stands, incorporated into a more recent building, near the parish church of Prestbury in Cheshire. Prestbury was one of those far-spreading parishes of which this county had several and of which Astbury is another example. Prestbury had thirty-two townships and included in its area the seats of the Legh family, Adlington and Lyme, which have been depicted in COUNTRY LIFE. Old Prestbury parish, indeed, covered most of the southern half of the Hundred of Macclesfield, and parts of it are now populous and urban areas with separate parochial organisation. Prestbury Church has no trace of Norman work about it. Its oldest portions are the nave and choir, and, so

far as we can judge after Sir Gilbert Scott's process of restoration, they date from about 1220 A.D. and are Early English in style. But close to this large and later church stood a small and earlier one. Even in 1592, when Randle Holme, the Chester antiquary, visited it, it was ruinous, as we know from a rude pen and ink drawing which he made of it, and which is preserved among the Harleian Manuscripts. It consisted of a nave and apse. The latter retained its roof, but the nave did not. The west end wall, however, rose gable-shaped to a little bell turret, and below was the doorway and the row of figures, of which the present condition is represented in Mr. Clarke's photograph. Between 1592 and 1747 the building was allowed to decay further, and then Sir William Meredith, a neighbouring landowner, rebuilt it to make a schoolhouse; but he carefully preserved the western doorway, which has thus come down to our own day, and is one of the most interesting specimens of late Norman architecture remaining in Cheshire. At one time it was held to be earlier than this, and a Saxon origin was assigned to it. Undoubtedly, a church or oratory stood here before William won Senlac, but it is ascertained that the edifice, of which the doorway survives, was not erected till the time of his elder great-grandson. It is not merely that in character it resembles the buildings erected, just before the pointed arch began to displace the round one, by great men in Richard Cœur de Lion's time, such as Archbishop Baldwin of Canterbury and Bishop Pudsey of Durham. The date of the Prestbury doorway is not left to conjecture founded on its style; it is, if the antiquary who has given it most thought is right, written in its sculptures. The abacus has for its centre a vesica containing Christ in majesty, supported on each side by an angel, and a smaller figure. Of the treble arch which surrounds the abacus the middle member has the chevron ornament, while the outer ones are studded with the heads of animals in a very decayed condition. Above the arch is a long panel containing seven figures. It is from these that Dr. Renaud, in his account of Prestbury which forms the ninety-seventh volume of the Chetham Society's publications, deciphers the origin of the building. The central figure is, without doubt, a representation of God the Father. On his right is Christ with the lamb, while the bird on his left is certainly intended for the Holy Ghost. Beyond the bird the man with the key is St. Peter, to whom the little church or oratory is known to have been dedicated. To the right of the Christ stands the figure of a king. He holds a globe adorned with a budded sceptre with a plain cross, a form which Richard I. was the earliest of our sovereigns to adopt. Beyond him, the row of figures closes with a warrior, while at the opposite end stands a priest. The church was a possession of St. Werburg's Abbey in Chester, and the Earls of Chester were its benefactors. It is therefore difficult to controvert Dr. Renaud's contention that the figures may be translated into the following words: "In



the name of the Blessed Trinity, this church, dedicated to St. Peter, was built by the Abbot and Monks of St. Werburg in the Reign of Richard I. when Randle Blundeville was Earl of Chester." It must, then, belong to the last decade of the twelfth century.—T.